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THE LISTENER, JANUARY 17, 1957. Vol. LVII. No. 1451.

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# The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



'The Piazzetta': one of the photographs by Inge Morath in *Venice Observed* (see page 123)

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# The Listener

Vol. LVII. No. 1451

Thursday January 17 1957

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER.

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## Revolution or Evolution in Eastern Europe?

By VICTOR ZORZA

THE Soviet Union and its satellite empire, built up largely by the efforts and by the methods of Stalin, was bound to undergo certain changes after Stalin's death. These changes could have been kept to a minimum if it had been possible to continue to rule the empire with Stalin's methods. But because Stalin's rule was police rule, under which no member of the leadership except the supreme dictator was safe, the Soviet leaders who survived Stalin decided to try to do away with police rule, at least as it affected themselves. But because the Soviet police machine was so closely linked with the police organisations of the satellite countries the ability of the party to rule through the police was seriously impaired in the whole of the satellite empire.

The weakening of police rule did not only mean that the people were no longer afraid to riot, as they did in Poznan. It also meant, and this was more important, that they were no longer afraid to think and to express their thoughts in public. Rioting, if it had become general, would have led to revolution. The freedom of thinking, if it had become so general as to embrace most of the party and its leadership, would have led to evolution. There were, of course, other factors which led ultimately to the attempt at evolution in Poland and to revolution in Hungary, but the diminution of fear was the most important.

What happened in those two countries showed that the Soviet empire was in danger of disintegration, and in both cases the Soviet leadership instinctively tried to resort to Stalinist methods to avert this danger. In Poland the Soviet leaders were in the end persuaded to withdraw the threat of force by the new Polish leadership, which assured them of its loyalty to communism. But in Hungary military intervention appeared to the Russians to be the only way of ensuring such loyalty.

The Soviet leaders are now clearly unhappy about the course of events in Poland since the threat of military intervention was withdrawn. They are equally unhappy about the state of affairs in Hungary, but at least they remain in unchallenged military control of that country. The Soviet leaders have good reason to fear that the withdrawal of their own threat of force, and the determination of the Polish leadership to rely on persuasion rather than on force at home, may make the Polish leaders' promise of loyalty to communism meaningless. The Polish leadership has considerable difficulty in controlling the pace and the direction of liberalisation in Poland. The country's economic difficulties are so great that the discontent of the workers—which helped to bring Mr. Gomulka back into power—might yet be used to sweep him out of power, and to install a leadership even more independent of Moscow, even less loyal to the political and economic precepts of marxism-leninism. Thus even if the Soviet leaders countenance in eastern Europe anything even remotely approaching the Polish model of liberalisation, the dangers—to them—of evolution are as great as the dangers of revolution. Yet if evolution is not allowed to take place, popular discontent may take the form of revolution, unless something is done to allay it.

While attention in the past few months has been largely concentrated on Poland and Hungary, the other east European governments have been taking steps to avert similar developments in their own countries. Security and police precautions have been intensified to prevent the growth of revolutionary feelings and their forceful expression; the relatively free public discussion of the evils of Stalinism, and of the best ways of correcting them through evolution towards something as yet only dimly apprehended, has been restricted; and economic concessions, designed to show that the communist parties and governments would



ease the people's lot without pressure from below, have been made in all the east European countries.

In Czechoslovakia a new National Insurance Bill was submitted to parliament at the end of November conferring on the employees benefits which had been previously denied to them. Almost simultaneously, price reductions were announced for many consumer goods and foodstuffs, including meat, which had been left out of all previous price reductions. A government spokesman who reported on these new measures to parliament took this opportunity to stress that they were being taken at a time when 'the imperialists are trying to confuse the world public with talk about freedom and democracy'. In Bulgaria the chief communist newspaper, *Robotnichesko Delo*, made the connection between economic concessions and popular dissatisfaction with the regime even more explicit. Commenting on a new decree establishing old age pensions for collective farmers—who had been previously left to fend for themselves in their old age—the newspaper said that the new measure was a fitting reply to the 'slandorous propaganda' which had been recently directed against the Government and the Republic. As a result of such improvements, the newspaper claimed, the unity between the party and the people was growing. This concession, at the end of December, had been preceded at the beginning of the month by the granting of wage increases to industrial and office workers. On the same day it was announced that the compulsory delivery by the peasants of part of their produce to the state was being replaced by a system of contractual purchase. It was clear that a concerted attempt was being made to mollify those who had for many years been complaining, without much effect, at the exploitation of their labour by the state.

### Concessions in Rumania

Nor was this concerted effort confined to Bulgaria. In Rumania it was announced at the end of December that the compulsory deliveries of a number of agricultural products would be similarly replaced by contractual purchase at higher prices. There is still an element of compulsion in contractual purchase, under which the peasants undertake to sell a part of their produce to the state at prices agreed beforehand, for if they were free to sell the same produce at free market prices they could get much more for it. But it is not quite so bad as having to give up a large part of their produce to the state for nothing, or almost nothing. Other concessions announced in Rumania included the promise that wages would be increased, and that a larger part of the national income would be devoted to satisfying the needs of the people. Mr. Gheorgiu-Dej, the First Secretary of the Rumanian Communist Party, even said that capital investment, which until recently was regarded in communist countries as the one item of expenditure that must not be interfered with, would be reduced. He explained that it would be reduced for the very good, but also very unorthodox, reason that the investments previously contemplated 'would make it difficult to implement the provisions regarding the rise in the standard of living of the working people'.

This preoccupation with improving the material well-being of the people has been evident in all the communist countries since the death of Stalin, but it could not be taken very seriously so long as the demands of capital investment and of heavy industry had first call on national resources. At the time of the great controversy about the rate of development of heavy and light industry, which led to the resignation of Mr. Malenkov, it was made clear that, while heavy industry must always remain pre-eminent, there could be brief periods of time when light industry came into its own. The *Pravda* article by Mr. Shepilov which castigated the supporters of equal rates of development in light and heavy industry, shortly before Mr. Malenkov was made to resign, was taken to imply that if it ever became necessary for political reasons to speed up the growth of light industry, this could be done. But it could be done only so long as it was clearly realised that this was a temporary political expedient. The time seems to have come now for resorting to it again, to give the people the consumer goods for which they have been crying out. In this way, and by raising the workers' wages and removing the causes of peasant discontent, it is hoped to prevent popular resentment at communist policies from finding expression in revolutionary action, as it did in Hungary. In this way, too, it is hoped to avoid having to make political concessions which in Poland, under the name of 'liberalisation', have taken that country a long way away from the Soviet model. Mr. Gheorgiu-Dej, in a speech he made in the middle of December, about a fortnight before he announced the economic concessions, explained that 'we cannot accept and never will accept liberalisation' because, he said, it 'would give the enemies

of the working people freedom to strike at our socialist achievements'.

In fact, until the developments in Poland and Hungary impressed the dangers of liberalisation on the communist leaders, there had been small doses of liberalisation in all the communist countries. There had been public discussions at writers' congresses and in the literary press of the evils of the cult of personality; and the more independently minded among the writers managed to import into these discussions many issues which might have appeared extraneous to the authorities but which were in fact closely related to the cult of personality. The most important of these issues, the freedom of artistic creation and the independence of creative intellectual activity from party dogma, kept cropping up again and again. But lately little has been heard of such discussions. No doubt they still go on in private, but the freedom of public discussion is now circumscribed by this definition, taken from the Bulgarian newspaper *Robotnichesko Delo* on January 4:

The Bulgarian Communist Party considers that differences of opinion, press discussions, controversies over science, art and other matters, are absolutely necessary for constant progress. But this does not mean that the militant marxist-leninist party spirit must be blunted. Reactionary, petty bourgeois, anti-socialist ideas must never be allowed a place in creative discussions in the press.

It was the wide-ranging intellectual discussion that contributed in large measure to the creation of a climate of opinion in which evolution in Poland and revolution in Hungary became possible. The attempt now to limit such discussion in the other communist countries can only be successful to the extent that the authorities succeed in intimidating the intellectuals. This is now being done in two ways. First, those intellectuals who have in the past been loyal to the communist regime are being warned that they must desist from extending the scope of discussion in order not to endanger the regime. Secondly, the intellectuals who were removed from participation in public life before the death of Stalin, and who in the past few years have taken an increasingly prominent part in the revival of the arts and the sciences, have been warned off; they have been told that they could again be deported to outlying country districts, and in some cases in Rumania and Bulgaria have actually been deported. The students, too, are under fire, and in Bulgaria by the middle of December fifty students were expelled from Sofia University. The Warsaw newspaper which reported this from Sofia added that a further list of 250 students due to be expelled for making 'hostile utterances' had been drawn up by the authorities. Some of the students on this additional list, it said, were being expelled because they had protested earlier against the expulsion of their colleagues.

### Students as the Spearhead

Of all the facts relevant to the present situation in the satellite countries, this continued student recalcitrance is perhaps the most significant. Whatever the political and social factors which brought things to a head in Poland and in Hungary, it was, ultimately, the students who formed the spearhead in both countries. They could not have done much in Poland if the older intellectuals, the writers and party members, had not allowed themselves to be fired by the students' enthusiasm. They could not have done much in Hungary if the workers had not taken to arms following the students' example. If it should prove impossible to restrain the students in the other satellite countries—and this report from Bulgaria is not the only indication of continuing ferment in the student body—then the ferment must inevitably spread to other sections of the population. But the students, at the best, can only act as a spearhead or as a catalyst. The chances of evolution or revolution depend not on any one section of the population, however politically active it may be, but on the existence of a revolutionary situation. One writer, who spent the better part of his life in studying the theory and practice of revolution, put it thus:

What, generally speaking, are the symptoms of a revolutionary situation? First, when it is impossible for the ruling classes to maintain their rule in an unchanged form; when there is a crisis in one form or another among the upper classes, a crisis in the policy of the ruling class which causes fissures through which the discontent and indignation of the oppressed classes burst forth. Secondly, when the want and suffering of the oppressed classes have become more acute than usual. Thirdly, when as a consequence of these causes, there is a considerable increase in the activity of the masses who, in more tranquil times, quietly allow themselves to be exploited, but who, in turbulent times, are drawn both by the circumstances of the crisis and by the upper classes themselves into independent historical action.

This was written by Lenin in 1916, and the year after that his



analysis was proved correct. It was again proved correct last October in Poland and Hungary. Will it be confirmed yet again by events in the other satellite countries? As we have seen, attempts are being made to allay the discontent and indignation, the want and suffering of the oppressed classes, to which Lenin referred. But he also referred to other causes. Of course there is a crisis of policy, of which Lenin had spoken. The economic concessions made by the governments of eastern Europe, concessions which, according to the Shepilov article, can only be made when it becomes politically necessary to make them, show that there is a crisis of policy. These concessions—they may be economic in form, but they are political in substance—also show that it is impossible for the ruling classes to maintain their rule in an unchanged form. The leaders of the communist world have not yet drawn the logical conclusion from the facts of the situation. They still cling to their own analysis, in defiance of Lenin. They are trying to cure the ills of their empire partly by stalinist methods, and partly by the kind of concessions that Stalin would never have countenanced.

Lenin, when he was faced with similar difficulties at home, proclaimed a new economic policy which, inevitably, also became a new political policy, although he would not admit it in so many words,

Today it is only Poland that is attempting to carry out a new policy of this kind, in defiance of the Soviet leaders, just as they are acting in defiance of Lenin. It is still possible that they will return to Lenin in this, as they are trying to return to his teaching in a number of other things. It is possible that their present actions in resorting to force or the threat of force to maintain their empire are merely the reflex actions of imperialists when the survival of their empires is in danger. Even the marxism which they profess to believe and to understand must have taught them that evolution is unavoidable. Leninist teachers taught them that if evolution is not allowed to occur revolution will take its place. From stalinism they could have learned that failure to heed the laws of social development carries its own penalties—and as marxists they must believe in the existence of such laws. Therefore, both as marxists and as realistic politicians, they would feel it incumbent on them, after using first force to consolidate their shaken empire, to try then to maintain this empire—or perhaps a communist commonwealth—by allowing evolution to take its course. But until that is done the danger of evolution in defiance of Moscow, and of revolution in the satellites in defiance of Moscow's puppets, will remain.

—Third Programme

## The U.S.A. and its 'Lame-Duck' President

By CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Washington correspondent

**W**HEN Washington correspondents began referring the other day to Mr. Eisenhower as a 'lame-duck' President, they were not being offensive. They were using a phrase from the curious technical vocabulary of American politics to denote a politician with no future. Normally, it is applied to those whose term of office has not yet expired, but who have failed to secure re-election. That is not true of Mr. Eisenhower; few Presidents have ever been more decisively re-elected; but he is nevertheless a politician with no future. By recent amendment of the Constitution, no President can now serve more than two four-year terms, and Mr. Eisenhower, now embarked on his second term, cannot be re-elected again. It is that hard political fact that makes the real difference between the message on the State of the Union which the President read to Congress last week, and the other which he sent to Washington one year ago from a Florida health resort.

At that time he was going through the last phase of convalescence following his heart attack, and his future seemed problematical. He had not indicated whether he would seek re-election or not, and many people still thought it was unlikely that he would; but the Republican Party organisers, who rightly saw in him their one chance of retaining control of the government, were whispering urgently in his ear. In Congress, the Republican members watched anxiously the man to whose coat-tails they hoped to cling, and the Democrats who controlled Congress then, as they do now, hesitated to thwart a public figure whose prestige and popularity were almost

legendary. In short, at that time Mr. Eisenhower had a future if he cared to use it, and use it he did.

Today nobody hangs on Mr. Eisenhower's words—nobody in Congress, that is. The Republicans are busy looking for his successor or already courting that successor in the person of the Vice-President. The Democrats have no longer any reason to be kind to the President;

his popularity remains immense, but it cannot hurt them now.

So Congress has responded only tepidly to the President's two personal appearances before it this month. The Eisenhower Doctrine on the Middle East, launched with so much advance publicity, is now aground on the shoals of congressional criticism and amendment, and the Administration's plan to force the hand of Congress by emergency tactics looks like failing. The issue has given Democrats too good an opportunity for contrasting the 'Sunny Jim' view of world affairs of the pre-election Eisenhower with his present graver interpretation, and too good a chance for taking side swipes at Mr. Dulles.

Then the State of the Union message, already an anti-climax, fell even flatter than was expected.

Its acceptable generalisations got perfunctory applause, but its recommendations for action were received with silence. It is clear the legislation the President plans to ask for in subsequent messages will be considered not so much on its merits as on the political capital that can be made out of either passing it or blocking it.

So, at the moment, the prospects of positive and constructive



President Eisenhower being acclaimed by Congress before the delivery of his message on the State of the Union



American policy are not good. In a situation where political opponents control the Congress, which must authorise and finance the President's policy decisions, the only hope of progress lies in what Americans call 'bi-partisanship'—in other words a spirit of coalition between the two parties. That amount of unity is hard to achieve except when the national security is plainly threatened, either by economic disaster or by foreign intervention. The present prosperity of the United States has the opposite effect. It encourages regional and commercial interests to make their conflicting voices heard; and the international situation, grave though it may be in the eyes of the specialists, is the kind that provokes argument over the best course to pursue, and particularly in Congress over the policy of subsidising other nations.

That is not an encouraging prospect for the rest of the world, which

might echo the poet Longfellow when he prophetically wrote:

Thou, too, sail on, oh Ship of State!  
Sail on, oh Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

But the constitutional loggerheads which can and apparently do exist between the national helmsman in the White House and the national lookout in Congress might remind some people of another poet's words about another ship—a ship where

The bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes:  
A thing, as the Bellman remarked,  
That frequently happens in tropical climes,  
When the vessel is, so to speak, snarked.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

## China's Non-Chinese Peoples

By BASIL DAVIDSON

**C**HINESE TURKESTAN is a wide slice of central Asia; but little or nothing, until lately, could be known of it. Was this old imperial province still part of China? And who were the men who had mattered to its history in the last half-century of wars and civil war? To questions like these, some answer at last becomes possible. The story of Chinese rule in central Asia begins to emerge. Figures distantly appear. None of them, perhaps, will be more interesting than the lean silhouette of Yang Tseng-hsin, who for so long was lord of Sinkiang and mandarin of China's far north-west. His record is strangely like that of Frederick Lugard. Both applied in highly individual ways the principles of indirect rule, of colonial government through native authorities and potentates. They even coincided in time: for the period of Lugard's major effort in Nigeria was the period of Yang's governorship of Chinese Turkestan.

But the weighty reason for remembering Yang Tseng-hsin just now is that China's attitude towards her non-Chinese peoples is going through drastic change. There is now a systematic attempt, in China, to establish a policy of regional self-government for a great many of these scattered non-Chinese peoples; and to study the social structures in which these peoples live. Much new information comes to light, for many Chinese scholars are collecting it. A few months ago, thanks to the help and kindness of Professor Fei Hsiao-t'ung and others at the Central Institute of Minorities in Peking, I was able to see a little of the theory and practice of this new minorities' policy in the north-western provinces of Kansu, Chinghai, and Sinkiang. Time and again I met the confident assertion that China has passed from the long epoch of 'Han domination'—of rule by Chinese over non-Chinese—into a new epoch of genuine equality of opportunity and of status for all these minority peoples. Can this bold claim—set as it must be, now, against the grim misdeeds of other communists in other countries—be made good? No doubt it may be early to answer that: but an interim report is possible.

The lengthy and remarkable governorship of Yang Tseng-hsin, in Sinkiang, is a good starting point. He was much more than the last of

the great imperial mandarins. In the seventeen years of his governorship over China's far north-west, after the revolution of 1911, he produced indirect rule to its logical and full extension. He did indeed represent for the Chinese Empire (although, by then, nominally a republic) what Lugard represented for the British: the ideal imperial position for a people and a nation whose command of others was founded not only on habit but also on power. That the China of Yang's day had only the

habit but no longer the power was the means of proving Yang's outstanding talent and determination: he ruled his enormous province of Sinkiang as though he had at his back not the chaos of civil war, but the ordered unity of China in one of her times of greatness. His rule in Sinkiang was thus a curious survival of the past; and that is why he marks both an end and a beginning—an end to the long story of Chinese imperialism that goes back to the Early Han, 2,000 years ago, and the beginning of a new relationship.

In the long years before Yang's governorship, the Manchus had been content with little more than reassertion of Chinese control over their distant

borderlands. They taxed the border peoples lightly and rode them on an easy rein. It was typical that Aurel Stein, travelling through the Tashkurgan Pamir fifty-five years ago, should find in that fabulous region no more than a handful of Chinese soldiers and an easy-going tolerance between these and the Tadjiks of the place. But the revolution of 1911 put an end to tolerant ways. And when Yang became governor of Sinkiang, in that same revolutionary year, he faced an immediate financial crisis. The old imperial subsidy—justified always by the strategic need of holding Sinkiang—was abruptly ended: Sinkiang henceforward would have to live off its own fat, and this would be difficult, because Sinkiang was a land of high mountains and howling deserts, notoriously lean. And it was Yang's imperial achievement that he overcame this crisis and evolved new ways of administration in a time of endless trouble.

A thin, dry figure of the middle height, thoughtful and reticent beyond the ordinary, skilful in argument, seeing two sides of every question and sometimes three, Yang gradually imposed himself and his





respect for discipline—his Chinese will to endure and achieve—through long years of war and misery in the world outside. He took everything into his own hands. While formally admitting the sovereignty of the Republic, he little by little isolated his north-western province from contact with China proper. He was driven to accepting the telegraph; but the key of the telegraph office he kept in his own pocket, and opened the door himself in the morning, and locked it again at night. Informative telegrams he kept to himself: inconvenient ones he simply destroyed. His archives were in his own mind: even his closest subordinates were seldom privy to his real motives and intentions. He found the chiefs of the oasis-living Uighurs and of the stock-breeding Kazakhs of the Tien Shan far too independent in their attitude to Chinese rule: little by little he undermined their authority, and then made that authority subject to his own approval. The people had to pay more taxes; but it was the native chiefs and notables who continued to collect them, and who took, on the way, a large cut from much larger proceeds.

Though at the cost of steady impoverishment, the system worked. Yang was not loved; but he was respected. And in the sixteenth year of his rule he could go so far as to formulate the principles of his 'Dual Mandate' in a scroll that was hung at his gate: its words ring formidably even now, when all that is quite passed away: 'The Republic'—he said, and the year was 1926—'is raw with youth. The wars of the Five Kingdoms, the battles of the Seven Heroes—they fight them over again: but what care we how they fight . . . For I have made an Earthly Paradise in a remote region. The Moslems of the south, the Nomads of the north—I will rule them to live contentedly in the old ways'.

### End of Yang's 'Dual Mandate'

Two years later a subordinate shot him down at a public dinner; and this 'Dual Mandate', as Yang had applied it, vanished in revolt and war. As with other earthly heavens, the illusion had depended on not killing its father. Once Yang was killed, Sinkiang became forthwith a corner in hell; and so it continued for a long time. Yang's successor, Chin Shu-jen, muddled things from the outset, first by throwing a spanner into the delicate machinery of Yang's indirect rule, and then by failing to master the inevitable revolt. By 1933 this poor man Chin was having to excuse himself to a Swedish missionary—for not being able to offer him protection—by admitting that 'at Barkul, Hami, and even Lop Nor, the soldiers stand as thick as trees in a wood. Even the song of the birds or the sighing of the wind is enough to alarm them, and incite them to acts of violence'. Then, soon afterward, the soldiers got the upper hand; and there came the bloody dictatorship of Sheng Shih-tsai.

Such were the times, after Yang, that only two policies were possible in Sinkiang; and the Chinese had much the same choice in all their big minority areas. There could either be intensive military occupation and a barely camouflaged direct rule: or else there could be far-reaching concessions to minority demand for equality of status, for self-government and perhaps for independence. The Kuomintang of the nineteen-thirties attempted the first of these. They attempted to reduce the minorities of the inner Asian borderlands to a condition of helotry. They dismantled the old hierarchies of indirect rule and put in autocrats of their own. They let these men establish their own armies, collect their own taxes, impose their own servitudes. In Sinkiang, as it happened, there was a brief deviation from direct rule after 1933; but the so-called 'progressive period' of Sheng Shih-tsai—when Sinkiang minorities really did begin to enjoy new liberties—was rapidly ended once Sheng, after 1936, felt himself impregnable. Elsewhere in China this was a time of unusual misery and oppression for all those minorities that lay within reach of the Kuomintang. Those that lay beyond reach took pains to stay there; and it became a primary task of the revolutionary government, after 1949, to persuade these free-booting mountain peoples to make peace again.

To policies of grab and greed the communists replied with other policies advocating cultural equality and regional self-government. After 1949, with the establishment of the Central People's Government and virtual expulsion of the Kuomintang from the mainland of China, the communists carried these policies into the southern and western provinces where most of the non-Chinese peoples live. Within a well-understood framework of Communist Party supremacy—yet making big concessions to the relatively 'slow development' of these non-Chinese peoples—they had already given Inner Mongolia the status of an autonomous region as early as 1947. This status they extended to Sinkiang in October 1955; and Tibet is now to follow suit.

It is being applied with an impressive attention to detail. Chinese communists have excelled in a number of things: in none, perhaps, more than in the task of collecting information about China. It is now becoming possible, for the first time in history, to know the human as well as the non-human geography of this vast country. Thus the census of 1954 produced a reasonably accurate figure of about 35,000,000 non-Chinese in China, or about six per cent. of the whole population. These are now recognised as being divided into some forty-four distinct nationalities—'although', as Professor Fei said, 'we really don't yet know how many true nationalities there are'. Shih Chiang-chen, who is one of the secretaries of the central committee for national minorities in Peking, told me that local autonomy was already established in no fewer than seventy-one minority areas, large and small—and some of them very small indeed. As well as the two big autonomous regions of Inner Mongolia and Sinkiang, there were twenty-three large autonomous districts and forty-six small autonomous districts; and others were being formed.

How all this may work in practice I was able to glimpse during a long journey through Sinkiang. There the principal minority are the Uighurs, who number nearly 4,000,000, or about four-fifths of the population of Sinkiang; and these Uighurs now have their own government at the capital, Urumchi. Within this Uighur autonomous region there are large autonomous districts for the Kazakh and Kirghiz minorities, and smaller districts for eight or nine less numerous nationalities.

How far do these minority rights actually reach? About as far, I believe, as the more moderate of Scottish or Welsh nationalists would wish for home rule of their own. Defence and foreign affairs and overall economic planning remain with the Central People's Government in Peking—or, for the smaller self-governing units in Sinkiang, with the Uighur Government at Urumchi. Within these limits, home rule is a real thing; and the Chinese are undoubtedly fostering it with much attention to economic and social development. It is no accident, for example, that Urumchi this year will open the most modern medical college in Middle Asia. In 1949 Sinkiang was found to have no more than six qualified doctors; but by 1967 this medical college, it is hoped, will produce more than 1,600 fully trained medical men and women. New mines, new industries, new schools and colleges, new roads and railways: all these may be seen in Sinkiang today.

And the lesser minorities—do they keep their heads above water in this tide of Uighur development? The answer, I think, is undoubtedly that they do. I spent some leisurely days in the upland pastures of the Kazakh autonomous district and a brief time with Kirghiz in the Pamir; and there is no doubt that these people feel themselves better off than before, and really are better off. They recruit and command their own police, collect their own taxes, have some say in fixing taxation levels that are much lower than before. Yet their principal gain is probably in education: much more of it than before, and all of it in their own languages. I am told that this picture is also valid for south-western China; though there, of course, the communists' still have troubles. Only this year have they been able to announce that the hill tribes of west Szechuan and Yunnan have brought slaving to an end.

### Can the System Avoid Dictatorship?

Real and important though they are, these minority rights remain limited by the nature of communist government. And flexible though that government generally is in China, this government remains a form of 'democratic centralism' not different in kind, although very different in degree, from the Soviet system. Now that China has passed through its period of major revolutionary change, can this system avoid bureaucratic paralysis and the crimes of personal dictatorship? The Chinese communists say yes, it can; and so far the evidence supports them, although the world—with Hungary fresh in its mind—will doubtless wait longer for an answer. What can be said with reasonable conviction, meanwhile, is that in the testing case of China's minorities, the Chinese communists have much to show that is new and good: much that indicates they have moved far towards that equality of status, for minorities, which remained after the days of Governor Yang the only alternative to misery and war.—*Third Programme*

*The Geographical Magazine* for January, price 2s. 6d., contains an article on 'Geography and the Documentary Film' by Roger Manvell, and the photogravure supplement is devoted to photographs of the island of Rhodes taken by D. A. Harissiadis.



# Control of Foreign Policy in a Democracy

The second of two talks by LORD STRANG

**W**E have just been passing through one of those periods when there has been a great debate in the nation about foreign affairs. It is not my purpose here to comment on the ins and outs of this, but rather to consider some of the constant factors in the control of foreign policy. If it is true—and I believe it is—that more and more people in the democratic countries would like to influence the formation of foreign policy, it is equally true that more and more would like to play their part in controlling foreign policy. Of course it would be a mistake to draw too sharp a line between formation and control: the two processes, although perhaps in theory distinct, do in fact shade one into the other and proceed hand in hand. Those who have to form foreign policy are subject to certain limitations. Some of these derive from the very structure of international life itself, and others from the domestic environment in which foreign policy is constructed. In both spheres, the formation and the control of foreign policy, the role of parliament is of first importance.

## Influence of Parliament

There are three ways in which the influence of parliament has an impact upon the government in the conduct of its foreign policy. The first of these relates to the making of treaties. Under our constitution the conclusion and ratification of treaties is a matter for the Crown, not for parliament. Parliamentary approval for a treaty is not required except in cases where legislation is necessary in order to bring it into effect. Nevertheless, it has now become customary for a treaty, after signature and before ratification, to be laid upon the table of the House for twenty-one days. So that if there is a call for a debate, a debate can be held and the sense of the House can be taken.

The second parliamentary check is exercised through a more general kind of debate, either on foreign policy as a whole or upon some particular aspect which has attracted public interest. A debate of this kind will be held either on the initiative of the government or at the request of the opposition. Whether or not it is followed by a division, it will give the government an opportunity of feeling the pulse of the House. Such a debate sometimes constrains the government to modify its policy in some degree. If it does not actually do this, it may at least cause the government to readjust the definition of its policy for public purposes. These public debates are also a powerful influence making for a higher rather than for a lower standard of morality in the conduct of foreign policy. Woodrow Wilson made this point when he said: 'You dare not lay a bad cause before mankind'. One could wish that his optimism had not been misplaced.

The third impact of parliament on foreign policy comes by way of parliamentary questions. In 1946, a Select Committee of the House of Commons on Procedure expressed the opinion that 'perhaps the readiest and most effective control over the action of the executive' was the exercise of the right to put questions to Ministers. Ministers themselves and their officials would agree with this view. The vigilance of parliament sets up a state of tension at all levels in the administration, among Ministers and officials alike. A former Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Kenneth Younger, described it this way:

At each stage the policy is open to attack, and Ministers are subjected to every kind of comment and criticism. From the Ministers' point of view, ill-informed or even stupid questions may be quite as informative as those of the experts, and the murmurs of approval or protest evoked from different sections of opinion in the House can be as significant as anything that is said.

Side by side with this parliamentary process as portrayed by Mr. Younger, there is gradually built up in the public mind an awareness of the government's policies. This takes place through the press, through the B.B.C., and through personal contacts between Members of Parliament and their constituents.

It is true that the House of Commons has in our time lost some ground as a source of political as distinct from legislative authority. There are two reasons for this. One reason is a growth in the power of the executive. This is a consequence of the increasing

rigidity of party discipline in parliament. The second reason is the rising influence of the electorate. This is a natural result of improved education itself, and of a wider knowledge among members of the public, acquired through the news and information services of press and radio: and of course over the radio governments can nowadays speak direct to the people.

Nevertheless, the House of Commons remains a potent and on occasion a decisive factor in the political field. And if the government's foreign policy requires money, the government must go to the House of Commons for it. But, for all that, we must not overlook that in this country the executive is very strong.

Unlike the Senate of the United States, parliament here in London has no specific constitutional function in foreign policy. If parliament dislikes the foreign policy of a government and the government will not change it, its remedy is to throw the government out. This can happen readily enough in France, for example, where the fall of a government does not normally entail a general election as it would do here. The knowledge that a government defeat in the House of Commons on an important matter would almost certainly mean a general election, and perhaps a completely different government, gives a government in this country a strong hold over its own supporters in parliament. For it is only by the deliberate—or involuntary—defection of some of its own supporters that a government can be defeated in a division in the House. But short of such a drastic step as this, it is possible that, by mere threat of defection among its supporters, a government may be constrained to modify its policy.

In point of fact, again, it is not enough for a government to hold its majority in parliament. With the increasing rigours of party discipline, the majority can usually be held secure. What the government has to fear and to watch for is not so much an immediate defeat in a division in the House as an eventual defeat in an election. This will make the government sensitive to movements of public opinion which influence Ministers directly, rather than indirectly through Members of Parliament. Nevertheless, within wide limits a government can hold with determination to a foreign policy which it believes to be in the public interest, even though a good number of its parliamentary supporters dislike it or even though it arouses substantial opposition in the country. Both Mr. Attlee's and Mr. Churchill's governments had on more than one occasion to assert their conception of the public interest in this way. Sir Anthony Eden's government had to do the same in recent months.

A government may fairly claim that it can be in a better position to judge the national interest than is the public itself. It can hope that if there is public opposition to its course of action, this will not be long lived. Again, it can hope that public doubts will respond in time to repeated and authoritative expositions of the government's case; or, best of all, that events themselves will vindicate the policy.

## Protests by the Public

But sometimes, though rarely, a government will overstep the limits of tolerance. Perhaps the best-known example in our time of a successful protest by the public against a major act of foreign policy was in the 'thirties, when the Baldwin Government was compelled to jettison the Hoare-Laval Agreement about Ethiopia in 1935 and to sacrifice the Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare. In this particular case, the government capitulated not only to a revolt by the public but also to a revolt among its own supporters in parliament. For them there was safety in their opposition because there had just been a general election and there was little danger that the government would be willing to face another one so soon.

It is sometimes suggested that some more direct machinery of parliamentary control over foreign policy is required. Critics have quoted the example of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate and the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives in Washington. These and other committees have the power to require the Secretary of State and officials of the State Department to testify before them on general and detailed matters of foreign policy. But the



American system of government differs so fundamentally from our own that the analogy has little bearing upon our own procedure. For one thing, the American Secretary of State, unlike the Foreign Secretary in London, is not a member of the legislature and cannot address either of the two Houses of Congress. For another thing, the Americans, unlike ourselves, have no system of parliamentary questions. In Washington, the place of parliamentary questions on foreign affairs is taken in some measure by the regular press conferences held by the President and by the Secretary of State.

If the Foreign Secretary here in London were required to meet committees of the two Houses of Parliament to explain and gain approval for current policies, in addition to answering parliamentary questions and debating foreign affairs on the floor of the House, if he were required to do all this as well, it would add intolerably to labours which are already grossly excessive. This point is driven home when we see what the American system means in practice. Mr. Dean Acheson has told us that during his four years as Secretary of State in Washington he appeared 214 times before Committees of Congress. And the preparation for these meetings took at least as much of his time as the meetings themselves. Mr. Herbert Morrison, in his book on *Government and Parliament*, adds a further weighty argument from the constitutional standpoint. He says:

If the responsibility of Ministers were in a sense divided between responsibility to parliament as a whole and to all-party committees it would, I think, be less democratic in practice, and back-stairs influences over government might well tend to increase.

From what I have been saying, you will perhaps have gathered that I think the present system is adequate for its purpose. That purpose, as I see it, is to ensure that foreign policy conforms to the general will, or in other words that foreign policy is of a piece with the character of the community. The system will work best if the government

will take pains to explain the main features of its foreign policy to the public by all the various available channels. This can be done either through the medium of parliament or by statements to the press, or direct to the individual citizen through broadcasts or television. In this way the government can build up a body of knowledge in the public mind which will ensure that, as policy develops, the public will not be taken by surprise. In these matters the public are generally willing to trust the government a long way: but they must be spared unnecessary shocks.

It cannot be denied that this public ventilation and discussion of the issues of foreign policy, often at awkward moments, has a hampering effect upon the flexibility, resourcefulness, and imagination with which diplomatic operations might otherwise be more fruitfully conducted. This publicity has in large measure, and rightly, done away with the secret treaty; but it has also impaired the secrecy of negotiation, and the secrecy of negotiation is the essence of diplomacy. It may be questioned, too, whether the impact of public opinion upon the action of governments will always make for peace and international understanding. Even with the most responsible public opinion and the best kind of government, it might on the contrary make for worse rather than for better international relations. 'Parliaments', it has been said, 'are usually more nationalistic and belligerent than executives, and people than parliaments'. But, on the other hand, there are times, which we have known in our own experience, when peoples will go to the other extreme and neglect their future security or their long-term interest for the sake of present ease. In the home field, one symptom of this lack of resolve is the drift to inflation: in the foreign field it can lead all too easily to policies of appeasement.

So there is, in modern conditions, some price to be paid for public influence on foreign policy. But it has not been any part of my argument in these two talks to suggest that the price is too high.—*Home Service*

## India's Answer to the Problem of Water

By GERALD PRIESTLAND, B.B.C. correspondent in India and Pakistan

ONCE met an Indian lady whose hobby was raising money for charities. She told me her chief complaint was that no sooner had she got together a tidy sum for the relief of drought than it was time to raise some more for flood relief. 'When there is not too little water in this country', she said, 'there is too much'.

This becomes monotonously obvious if one spends much time, as I do, flying over India. The great Indo-Gangetic plain usually seems to be either a sheet of water or a cloud of dust. It is not always as bad as it looks. For example, the fertile Punjab appears to be an absolute desert for much of the year; but in fact there is usually water close to the surface, and thousands of tube wells have been bored to get at it. This is a case where the ground itself acts as a reservoir. But most regions are not so fortunate. They get their rain in the tremendous orgy of the monsoon. Most of it goes bowling away down the rivers, and then there is almost nothing for another eight or nine months. Expressed statistically, only ten per cent. of the water in Indian rivers is put to any useful purpose, the reason being that so much of it comes at once and there is nowhere to keep it.

The Mahanadi or Great River in Orissa, where the Hirakud Dam has just been completed,\* is a good example. During the dry season you can walk across it on foot, and there is not even enough water for the household use of the towns and villages on its banks. But in the monsoon months it swells into a vicious giant, smashing through its margins, swirling over thousands of acres of farmland, and finally running to waste in the sea. This river has flooded forty times in ninety years; and on one occasion, when it refrained from doing so, nearly a million people died of famine and drought. It is unlikely now, with better farming, modern communications, and a world conscience about these things, that there will ever again be such a famine; but the flood problem remains. The year before last, floods in India killed nearly a thousand people, and did £60,000,000-worth of damage, which represents a great deal to a peasant economy.

What can be done about it? Hirakud represents one answer. It is a limited answer because it is not one that can be applied to every case; but in the Mahanadi valley at least, it will be possible, by creating a few

gigantic reservoirs, to take the shock out of the floods, release a more or less even flow for irrigation all the year round, and at the same time reap a good harvest of hydro-electric power.

Another place where the same technique is being used—flood control, irrigation, and power combined—is in the Damodar valley in Bihar and West Bengal, and there are others in the Punjab and in South India. Indians take a great national pride in these dams, much as the British do in a new ocean liner or a new type of aircraft. The so-called 'multi-purpose projects' have become places of national pilgrimage. Mr. Nehru calls them 'the temples where I come to worship', and no V.I.P. from abroad can escape being shown at least one. There is a complete jargon for them, full of things called 'Q-secs' and 'acre-feet', 'pinstocks' and 'riprap', and a process called 'grouting'.

But nothing is perfect: there are experts who believe that under Indian conditions the reservoirs behind these enormous dams will one day get silted up; and there are others who think that irrigation is gradually poisoning the land. In any case, there are plenty of rivers where the geography is not right for damming, especially in flat country. It is possible to build dykes, but one cannot do this all the way. The floods will always get out somewhere, and again there is the danger of silting. Sometimes the only thing is to let the rivers flood, and raise the villages on artificial mounds so that they at least escape damage. The latest report of the Irrigation Ministry says bluntly: 'Absolute immunity from flood damage is not physically possible because of the unpredictability of several natural forces'.

The problem, then, is one which can only be tackled piecemeal and according to local conditions. The British in their day by no means neglected the matter; in fact, several of the big projects going up now are the result of pre-independence planning. But it is the Indians themselves who have turned the mastery of water into something like a new religion.—*'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)*

Another of the reports and papers on mass communication published by Unesco, No. 19, has as its subject *Films for children and adolescents*. It consists of a list of these films produced in twenty-two different countries and may be obtained from the Stationery Office, price 7s.

\* A photograph of the dam appears on page 111



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## Where We Are Going

**T**HIS is the time of year when, according to the teachings of experience, many people plan the way they are going to spend their annual holidays. We are therefore offering our readers a Travel Books Number; we have asked some well-known contributors to review several of the latest books on travelling or to discuss holidays abroad. On reflection one supposes that prolonged travel is largely the prerogative of the young and the old, unless one happens to be fortunate enough to serve a profession or a business that takes one round the world at an employer's expense. For the young at school or university have plenty of time and do not mind roughing it: indeed there are two things that all young intelligent people ought to do—collect a library and seize the opportunity to go abroad. The old travel, or at least hope to travel, or travel hopefully and never arrive. How often one hears men say: 'When I retire, I shall go round the world'. But it is not then easy to rough it: and it is not always possible to save the money so to enjoy oneself, and even if the money is there, present-day currency restrictions place difficulties in the way. One may possess enough to see Naples and die, but that may be about the limit.

Extensive travel has always been the lot of the privileged few. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the aristocracy or near-aristocracy might go on a 'grand tour' as an alternative to three years at Oxford or Cambridge. Often the custom was for a young man to marry a girl of thirteen or fourteen and then leave her to go on the Continent for a couple of years before returning to taste the joys of married life. (In one case, that of the third Earl of Essex, he found he lost his wife in the process, but that was an exceptional mishap.) The nearest modern equivalent is afforded by the award of a Commonwealth scholarship or research fellowship which give an opportunity to young men and women that may never occur again. But for the vast majority, as they grow older, the most that can usually be hoped for is a few weeks a year, made all the more precious by the complete change that is yielded and the element of gambling that the weather always provides.

Even taking into account the restrictions that we now have to accept in this country, the choice is bewilderingly wide: there is hardly any limit to the ingenuities of travel agents or to the plans that may be worked out with the aid of a map, a guide-book, and a time-table. Where shall I go? What can I afford? Dare I risk it? Such are the questions that we ask ourselves at this time of year. Much depends upon individual temperament. For the more enterprising the world is their oyster, while the pessimist may feel like the character in Chekhov who spent all her life wanting to go to Moscow, but never went there. Or again there is the conscientious householder who wonders whether he should spend a week by the Mediterranean or buy a sunshine lamp. These are choices about which neither economist nor moralist can advise. Travel, even as far as the next station, is always a speculation and an adventure. It is the element of excitement and novelty that makes it worth while.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the new Prime Minister

SIR ANTHONY EDEN'S resignation and the choice of Mr. Macmillan as Prime Minister aroused comment from all over the world. In the free world generally tributes poured in to both the outgoing and incoming Prime Ministers. Moscow and the communist world attributed Sir Anthony's resignation to the 'failure' of the action against Egypt 'and the proclamation of the "Eisenhower doctrine", aimed at further undermining the already weakened positions of British imperialism in the Middle East'. Egyptian broadcasts were extremely abusive about Sir Anthony.

U.S.A.: Commentators welcomed Mr. Macmillan's appointment and looked forward to the restoration of good Anglo-American relations. They paid tribute to Sir Anthony Eden's high principles, adding criticisms of his practical policies. *The New York Times* and *Herald Tribune* said the whole free world wished success to Mr. Macmillan.

FRANCE: Widespread regret was expressed at Sir Anthony's resignation. However, *Le Figaro* was quoted as recalling Mr. Macmillan's firm support for Sir Anthony Eden in the Suez crisis and as expecting, therefore, no profound change in British policy.

ITALY: In Italy *La Stampa* was quoted for the remark that this was the second time in twenty years Sir Anthony had been forced to interrupt his career because of his opposition to a dictator. *Corriere della Sera* remarked that if only he had acted when President Nasser nationalised the Canal, he would have met with much less opposition.

SCANDINAVIA: Conservative newspapers in Norway and Denmark stressed Sir Anthony's efforts to halt a dictator. In the words of *Dagens Nyheter*:

As often before, a statesman has fallen because of the right things he did. The good and far-seeing are weeping; the evil ones in Egypt are laughing.

SWITZERLAND: The *Gazette de Lausanne* was quoted for the belief that the change of leadership would make possible a *rapprochement* between the Anglo-Saxon countries and between the members of the Commonwealth.

COMMONWEALTH COUNTRIES: From Australia, the *Melbourne Herald* was quoted as follows:

The present upheaval in Britain's Government is part of the crisis affecting the whole democratic world. . . . What Sir Anthony aimed to achieve in the Middle East was right, but the way he went about it proved to be wrong. Had the Eisenhower plan come a few months earlier, Sir Anthony might still be in office and the events that led to the blocking of the Suez Canal would probably not have happened. . . . He has shown courage in his decision to resign.

In Canada—where the Prime Minister congratulated Mr. Macmillan and expressed confidence that 'through the special bonds of Commonwealth' they would advance the cause of peace, friendship, and progress; and where the opposition leader said Mr. Macmillan represented the best in the tradition of British Prime Ministers—a broadcast commentary said that however divided Canadian opinion had been about Suez, partisans on both sides regretted the untimely ending of Sir Anthony's career. The *Times of India* was quoted as follows:

Sir Anthony's resignation is not so much a tremendous victory for Nasser as for world opinion, which during the critical days of the Suez crisis stood firmly for peace and justice against aggression and imperialism. Others must retrieve what remains of the wreckage, and this involves an early solution of the Suez problem, towards which the Nasser regime may now be more co-operative.

EGYPT: The Egyptian press, as quoted by Cairo radio, exulted over Sir Anthony's resignation as divine retribution and a personal triumph for President Nasser. Thus, *Al-Akhbar* was quoted as saying:

God did not punish Eden with death, because death is a blessing. Instead, He deprived him of power and authority.

POLAND: Unlike Moscow and satellite broadcasts, which maintained that Sir Anthony's resignation was due to 'the total fiasco of British imperialism in the Middle East', a Polish broadcast confined itself to saying it was 'probably linked with the recent serious failures of British policy in the Middle East'.



# Did You Hear That?

## LONDON'S NEW FURNISHING CENTRE

IN LONDON LAST WEEK what is known as the Furnishing Centre was officially opened. It is a permanent exhibition, and it is claimed to be the most comprehensive display of furniture and furnishings for the modern home. RAY COLLEY visited it and gave his impressions in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The Furnishing Centre stands on the site of the swimming bath of the old Bath Club', he said, 'which years ago was the rendezvous of the famous. You enter through wide doors, into a large hall with a balcony running round it. Here you see furnishings of every possible colour and shape and purpose. On the ground floor on both sides of the long hall are a number of room settings. These are sections showing rooms which are complete in every respect, apart from the fourth wall. In size, style, and largely in cost as well, they are within the means of the majority of people.'

'At the end of the hall is a complete layout of a small, modern home on two floors. There is a kitchen, fitted with all the latest equipment, a dining-room, a sitting-room, and a television room, and upstairs there are two bedrooms.'

'The idea behind the Centre is that the men and women of today do not merely want to buy a suite or a piece of furniture, they want to build up a room to their own tastes, and here they can see everything they are likely to want. Whether or not they will be able to afford to buy enough to furnish every room at once in this way is another matter. Basically, the Centre seems to be a logical development of the displays of furniture that you can see in most large stores these days.'

Although prices and the names of firms who stock the furniture and fittings are available, no sales will be made at the Centre.

'What of the furniture itself? Perhaps the most unusual rooms are two furnished with a range being made for American Air Force families in Britain. The design is of American origin and includes what is known as a buffet-sideboard complete with a wireless, a combined bookcase and coffee table, and a studio couch. Later this year some of these designs will be offered on the home market. There are three bedrooms furnished from an interchangeable range; all the pieces have a family likeness and can be switched about to suit whoever owns them.'

'There are two ranges of living-room furniture on show, one in oak and walnut shades and the other designed to match the interchangeable bedroom range. The fitted kitchen is in primrose and white, it has wall and base units which cost anything from four-and-a-half and thirteen-and-a-half guineas respectively. Among the fittings that I noticed particularly were metal Venetian blinds with "S"-shape slats designed to give more light in what is quaintly called the "privacy position". And there are ingenious expanding walls and doors which move on an overhead track only and come in eight shades of leather-cloth.'

## HELLFIRE ON THAMES

'Nothing appeals to the tourist imagination so much as thoroughgoing wickedness', said ELIZABETH COXHEAD in 'Town and Country'. 'For the thousands who every summer visit West Wycombe Park, the chief

thrill is not so much the Adam-style mansion and church, as the reputation of the man whose exquisite taste created them. Sir Francis Dashwood was the original bold, bad baronet, founder of the Hellfire Club, and sponsor of nameless orgies, both here and at Medmenham Abbey by the Thames six miles to the south. That most of the stories told of him and his cronies are the inventions of political opponents, re-embroidered by legend, makes not a bit of difference.

'Medmenham was one of the earliest Cistercian houses in Britain, founded about 1160 by a Norman knight who turned monk after a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. But it was destroyed at the Dissolution, and the stones sold as building materials. Some of them were used to build a cosy little Tudor manor, inhabited by a family named Duffield. An eighteenth-century Duffield became friendly with Francis Dashwood, who leased the house from him in order to hold there, for a mere two

weeks in the year, meetings of the art-and-magic dabblers' club he had formed among his circle. It was the age of Gothic enthusiasm, and it may have been quite as much for this reason, as from a sacrilegious wish to parody monastic rites, that Francis fancied the idea of an Abbey as setting for his amusements, and that he found enough of the original stones to build on a sham ruined tower. "Hellfire Club" was the name given to it by its enemies.

'At its foundation in 1755, the first twelve members called themselves the Order of St. Francis, out of compliment to Dashwood. All had claims to taste and scholarship, and at least three had real talent — Francis himself, Charles Churchill the poet, and John Wilkes the political journalist and friend of liberty. They may have

celebrated the Black Mass and invoked the devil, and Wilkes may have annoyed the others by introducing an immodestly clad ape at this point in the proceedings, and the club's elaborate parade of secrecy would encourage the rumourmongers. Medmenham's tourist reputation was made. Even before the century ended, the family who followed the Duffields were adding to their incomes by taking parties round.

'Medmenham Abbey today is one of the pleasantest and most liveable-in houses on the river, with no suggestion of a sinister atmosphere, and with every modern convenience including a television aerial perched on top of Francis Dashwood's sham ruined tower. On the river frontage, your breath is taken away by the wide sweep of silvery water and the golden sheen of the weeping willows. And in no case could the tourist hope to get an unholy thrill out of the Abbey now, for it is no longer open to the public. The new owner is going there for bachelor peace and quiet. He hopes to form a bird sanctuary, and his permanent household will be a collie aged twelve, a tabby-cat aged nineteen, and an extremely fluent parrot, aged eighty-four'.

## THE MAGIC CASEMENT OF 'THE STRAND'

'The magic casement opened for me', said F. R. BUCKLEY in a talk in the Midland Home Service, 'in the first eighteen volumes of the *Strand Magazine*: from January 1891, when it started, to December 1899. I found them in a second-hand shop.

'Time was when no British home was complete without a row of those pale-blue volumes; but came the wars, and smaller houses, and



The 'Hellfire Club': Medmenham Abbey on the Thames, some six miles south of West Wycombe Park



the demand for old paper to be salvaged into new official documents and the *Strands* disappeared by thousands into the maws of the pulping machines; until currently, I hear, Americans are paying five dollars each for volumes containing tales by a young doctor who, in the July issue of 1891 and under the title "A Scandal in Bohemia", started a series called *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. Later there were stories by a young biologist, turned journalist, named H. G. Wells; later still there were fairy-tales about phoenixes and carpets and the Bastable children by the incomparable E. Nesbit.

'But I propose to ignore fiction save for one quotation from a Sherlock Holmes story—the tenth—published in April 1892, entitled "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor". In it, Holmes has traced a man with no other clue than a nameless fragment of hotel bill which shows him his quarry has stayed at one of the most select hotels in London. "How", asks Watson, "did you deduce the select?" "By the select prices", says Holmes, "Eight shillings for a bed and eightpence for a glass of sherry pointed to one of the most expensive hotels. There are not many in London which charge at that rate". It is the hall-mark of great literature—that is as true today as when it was written. Pretty much everything else, though, seems to have changed—by no means always for the worse.

'I keep turning in fascinated horror to an article of January 1895, entitled "Hospital Days and Hospital Ways", by a delighted ex-patient of the London Royal Free. In more words than were used to describe the creation of the world she tells of patients contributing a spoonful of tea each to a communal pot, of wards with lamps and open fires in them, not to mention a wandering cat, a canary, and a thrush without a tail; of lady sufferers sitting up in bed singing "Fusiliers" and "Tararaboomdeay", and of a nurse who says consolingly that one must not mind doctors, as to them patients are just like so many chairs and tables.

'There is a picture of that nurse, wearing black satin leg-of-mutton sleeves and looking like the spirit of suffocation; but the prize exhibit is a photograph of the operating theatre, to which the author was taken after some days spent in bed, "with whiting and leather polishing up the artery forceps and other instruments, making the surgical needles shine, and arranging them in a striking design in their white flannel case". No steriliser is visible in the theatre, so presumably the polish was enough; moreover, nobody is wearing gloves or masks, let alone gowns. On the contrary, three of the attendant doctors sport morning coats, cravats, and beards full of streptococci, while the operating surgeon, in precisely the get-up of a present-day butcher, is inspecting his work from behind a worse-than-R.A.F. moustache. When he visited his patient in the ward later, furthermore, he brought his dog with him; yet people lived and got better and went home'.

## OLD WAGONS OF WORCESTERSHIRE

If you live in the country you will have seen, perhaps still in use or standing in a yard or under a hedge, one of those old, four-wheeled wagons which for generations served the farm as a general purpose vehicle. They are, alas!, disappearing, and so the Museum of English Rural Life at Reading University is organising a survey of survivors in order to have a record of local variants in structure, design, and ornamentation. LAVENDER BURNE, who lives in Worcestershire, volunteered to help with this survey in her own county, and in 'Midlands Miscellany' she told of her search and some of its results.

'I knew nothing about wagons', she said, 'and there were strange technical terms in the five-page questionnaire sent me by the museum.

I was required to measure almost every inch of the wagon, giving rough drawings and taking photographs. It appeared that the wagons varied enormously from one county to another, and that the four-wheeled type is found only in a circumscribed area of the country. There are none in the north, or in Wales, except the Severn valley, or Devon or Cornwall, all hilly areas where the two-wheeled cart has been found more practicable.

'The museum sent me printed examples of different kinds of wagons, presumably those of other counties, but none of them was like the few local wagons I knew. The tenant at Sandpits Farm, Powick, kindly allowed me to measure and photograph his wagon, which he had

bought at a farm sale about ten years ago. It was beautifully made, the curving sides of solid oak, chamfered and carved to give lightness yet strength, riding up in the front like the prow of a ship. Each side appeared to be made of a single piece of oak. Wooden battens ran at right angles to the sides for added strength, and the overhanging edges were carved in a sort of pie-crust pattern. The wheels had a single iron hoop on the inner rim, and 'strakes'—shorter strips of iron—on the outer, and the big elm hubs looked as good as the day they were made. It must have been painted in a gay yellow once, and in the flutings at the side were faint streaks of blue. I wished I had seen it in its pristine glory. The name A. Jones appeared on the side. Mr. Albert Jones, the former owner, had been known to me for many years, when he farmed at Leigh Sinton, and the wagon had been put in the

sale when he retired from farming soon after the war. Mr. Jones told me the wagon had been made for his father by Prestons of Cradley, in Herefordshire, and must be more than 100 years old. Like many of the wagons I saw subsequently, a tractor draw-bar had been fixed on the front in place of shafts. Most of the wagons in the Bransford and Leigh district were made by the Emson family, whose wainwright and coffin-makers' business was carried on at Brockamin, Leigh, where the whole operation of wagon-making was performed on the spot. These fine old craftsmen used no plans or working drawings. The wood for the bodies and huge wheels was oak, seasoned fifteen years, and ash or elm, seasoned at least twelve years. It was sawn in the local saw-pit by hand, the farrier-blacksmith doing the ironwork'.



Photograph of the operating theatre of the London Royal Free Hospital reproduced in *The Strand Magazine* of January 1895



Four-wheeled wagon, more than 100 years old, at Sandpits Farm, Powick, Worcestershire



# The Pontiffs

The second of two talks by FERRUCCIO ROSSI-LANDI on some modern Italian philosophers

I SAID in my first talk\* that it was a major tragedy for us Italians that our most important philosopher, Giovanni Gentile, should have thrown his weight behind fascism. It was no casual support. Into Hegelian rationalism, Gentile had smuggled a wildly irrational element. A Hegelian rationalist is not simply 'a fool who believes in the Universal Spirit', and much ought to be said in justice even to such a fundamentalist position as Gentile's. But I can do no more here than hint at some aspects of his thought.

From the simple statement that nothing can be thought without being an object of thought, Gentile made the gratuitous leap into stating that thinking is logically prior to everything else. Owing to the idealist identification of logic and metaphysics, this amounts to saying that thinking is also metaphysically prior. It follows that every attempt to describe anything as anterior or external to thinking is doomed to fail. Thinking devours everything, and the principle of all philosophising is the act of thinking (hence the label, 'Philosophy of the Act').

## Philosophy as an Activity

Gentile's approach was to supply a method for avoiding the traditional mistake of philosophical theorising. Gentile thought of philosophy as an activity, not a theory; an enquiry, not a system. Take the case of the four categories into which Croce attempted to group the totality of human experience: true, good, beautiful, useful. For Gentile four categories were neither more nor less justified than three or five or twenty-two. The use of any restricted number of categories was merely a limitation to thought, something rigid and incomplete. As soon as one dismisses any such partial attempt and returns to the original activity of thinking, one realises that thinking can be understood only in terms of an infinite number of categories (any finite number of categories would still be a part of thought and there would be something left). In a way, Gentile was right. But Croce's categories were at least an attempt to say something positive; hundreds of scholars learned how to use them; there was even a period in Italy when all literary criticism was done in terms of Croce's distinction of beauty from truth and from morality and utility. Gentile on the other hand would stick to the zero point he thought he had discovered and celebrate the triumph of the act of thinking rather than come to grips with any concrete problem. His followers could not do much more than reassert his method and talk about it. He had taken them up to heaven but could not bring them down to earth again to work among men. True, it was high time to reject all traditional theorising in philosophy. But it did not occur to Gentile that this rejection allowed one to start afresh by analysing the actual ways in which all categories are used, and that this could be done mainly by analysing language. While rejecting every philosophical system, Gentile was retaining the mentality of a system-builder. This is just what Croce learnt from him.

In fact, Gentile's line was metaphysical rationalism detached from the workaday use of reason. In his mind reason became an overwhelming power and lost all connection with reasonableness. It was, so to speak, a huge, leafless tree planted on a very small piece of soil. This kind of rationalism is always ready to endorse the cult of personal action and to open the way to irrationalism and mysticism. This is already implicit in what I have said about Gentile's celebration of the act of thinking as such; but he went further by investing this act with a moral character, as Fichte had done. Morality had to be fitted in somewhere; but his philosophy did not allow him to assume that there were any external rules governing the moral side of human behaviour. The very act of thinking had therefore to be given a moral job: it had to be moral in itself. From this it followed that everything that is done is morally done and thereby justified on the excellent ground that it is, indeed, done. At this point the threshold of irrationalism had been passed, and Gentile was ready to do his worst. Having been a mental juggler he became a dupe. In stating his views on fascism he even happened to claim moral justification for the use of the cosh and of castor oil.

Yet Gentile was personally an honest man, a loyal friend, and a less

dogmatic philosopher and teacher than Croce. That he embraced fascism and finally became Mussolini's philosophical mouthpiece (he wrote the theoretical part of the *Doctrine of Fascism*) only shows to what extent a certain mental attitude can enslave a thinker. Gentile, with his brilliant mind, was socially an adolescent, a contradiction to be found in many other Italians of that time. In spite of his personal virtues, he brought into scholarship a hankering after political power; he came to conceive his philosophy as a kind of Big Church obliged to conquer ground everywhere, from primary schools to the universities, from politics to publishing houses. Many philosophers of the regime were infected with the same attitude. Philosophy had become a struggle for position.

What is more difficult to understand is how Croce, the liberal leader of the opposition, also came to be a pawn on this chessboard. In about 1910 Croce and Gentile, until then friends and collaborators, began to drift apart. Within a few years Gentile became Croce's most powerful enemy in the philosophical field. The journals of the time are filled with their polemics, and the squabbles between their followers still go on. When eventually Gentile allied himself with the Duce, the situation was ripe for Croce to become a sort of anti-duce. His philosophy became the refuge of all the various ideas and trends which were still able to oppose fascism. This influence of Croce as an intellectual leader of the opposition was a splendid thing. No one did as much as he to keep the idea of freedom alive. But Croce's monopoly of freedom had its dangers, too. The more closely fascism identified its doctrines with Gentile's cult of the act, the more the whole field of lay philosophy and non-scientific culture became divided into two brands of idealism. For a time, a way out of the dilemma might have been through philosophical Catholicism. But once fear of liberalism and socialism had made the Catholic Church come to terms with fascism, there could hardly be any intellectual opposition to fascism other than Crocean and therefore idealist. Those who did not conform went to gaol, like the marxist Antonio Gramsci; or went into exile, as Cobetti, Salvemini, Silone, Borgese, and the brothers Rosselli; or just turned away from politics and philosophy to more harmless pursuits. And so today Italy is a country to whose culture thousands of intelligent Italians have not contributed. Our lack of intellectual leadership today is one of the worst consequences of that period.

## An Attitude to History

My point is that Croce's frame of mind and some of his mental habits were not basically unlike those which contributed to fascism. His attitude was that of a pontiff; his tone often more literary than scientific. History, he says, is the development of the Universal Spirit, and this development is always positive. It follows that we live in the best of all possible worlds, that history is all sacred, and that all evil is mere appearance. Even war, tragedy, and destruction are positive signs of the activity of the Spirit. Within such a scheme, it was difficult to assess fascism. Croce could not say it was progress without appearing to sympathise with it. But neither could he say it was regression without renouncing his whole metaphysics of history. This was something of an impasse. Croce's way out was to say that fascism was not real history. It was a break in the development of the Spirit, and a break is neither progress nor regression. It was mere appearance—a historical ghost. It is an ironic thought how much real suffering this alleged ghost has inflicted on Italians and on mankind.

For Croce science had a purely 'practical' purpose, and by this he meant that no scientific enquiry can ever attain that superior sort of truth which is a prerogative of philosophy. Philosophical truth was to him an original possession, an inner revelation. In delivering such revelations to the crowd the philosopher speaks on behalf of the Spirit. He is thereby infallible, for the fact that the Spirit continuously renews itself precludes criticism. The practical effect of this doctrine was that people either accepted Croce's own revelation or believed they possessed a better one themselves. Everybody was either an obedient disciple or his own personal prophet.



One consequence of this was the assumption that man and the body politic can solve their problems on the strength of their intuitions irrespective of any scientific or everyday knowledge of the world. The whole approach could be made use of within any dictatorial framework. But this is something that, in my view, too many Italian scholars still refuse to see. Yet Croce did oppose fascism because he was a sincere liberal. This was possible because Croce's was mainly a Liberalism with a capital 'L', that is the cult of the idea of freedom as something detached from the empirical investigation of the means without which no democratic society can live and no real, everyday freedom can be attained. It was the liberalism of an idealist—almost a contradiction under those circumstances, and indeed Croce always had trouble in making his philosophical and political convictions agree. It is clear that the critical weapons supplied by his philosophy for an attack on fascism were highly inadequate. An empirical philosophy might have done better. In fact he did his best philosophically to destroy the doctrines from which liberalism and modern society have been historically born.

Besides, Croce himself was a feudal landowner, temperamentally an old-fashioned conservative, by birth a member of the southern gentry. He remained unconcerned about the conditions of life of the peasants from whose toils he drew his money and social position even before he became a famous man. In 1940 he advised young people who went to him for moral guidance to go and fight for the Fatherland. In 1943-45 he utterly misunderstood and even opposed the social implications of the Resistance Movement. He was a dictatorial man, scarcely able to tolerate co-operation on an equal level. Other scholars had either to oppose him or to surrender.

#### Common Roots with Intellectual Catholicism

My contention is that the philosophies of Gentile and Croce, as well as of intellectual Catholicism and even of fascism itself, had deep common roots in the nature of Italian society, especially in that of the south. They all shared that society's authoritarian conception of life. They all lacked the fresh wind of co-operation, the matter-of-factness, the common sense, the interest in the sciences, and the sincere commitment to social progress which are the outstanding features of other philosophic traditions and which can be found in the writings of the Italian pragmatists Vailati and Calderoni of whom I spoke in my previous talk. All this was the more dangerous as Italy is a country where, after centuries of political servitude, of misgovernment, of miseries, too many people are still indifferent towards politics and social justice, sceptical about all institutions, and live as mere hedonists; in fact hedonism, scepticism, and conservatism are in Italy three aspects of one and the same social disease. This is a much deeper predicament than the supposed predominance of any single philosophical system.

I hope I have done something to help you to understand why such men as Vailati and Calderoni remained without influence during and after their lifetime: to Italian ears their voices sounded as if they came from another world. Their ideas sprang from outside the common framework. Within that universe, Gentile's sponsorship of fascism, or Croce's opposition to it, or the idealist rejection of philosophical Catholicism, or the final coexistence of them all, might seem major cosmic events. But as soon as one takes up a position outside that world, they appear as what they are: mere brilliant—or tragic—variations on the same theme. We have had the sort of philosophy that suited us, and perhaps that we deserved, given the social and political conditions in which we grew up.

#### A New Freedom of Thought

Today one can rightly speak of a new freedom of thought that we Italians have begun to acquire since the fall of fascism and the end of the war. This is the first chance we have been given after forty years. Something new is now happening in Italian philosophy, not in so far as Croce's or Gentile's or anybody else's particular influence is overcome, but in so far as the whole Idealist-Spiritualist approach is by-passed. The future of Italian philosophy rests on its ability to produce serious and down-to-earth research of an empirical kind. But the important proviso should be added that all this research can proceed only within an increasingly sound framework of democracy.

There are now in each of the universities of Milan, Turin, and Florence some men who are well acquainted with the main texts of analytical philosophy; they do not enquire after the nature of reason or the future of the universe but examine closely such questions as different kinds of language, the logic of legal theory, historical explanation, mathematical versus philosophical reasoning. This has come about both through a number of translations from, and critical essays on, non-Italian logical positivism and related trends; and also through a revival of interest for our own earlier linguistically and methodologically minded philosophers, from Francis Bacon's and Galileo's Italian fore-runners down to Carlo Cattaneo and the logical pragmatists.

These Italian philosophers have understood that philosophy can, or indeed must, be independent of social and political issues, but they have also understood that this can be achieved only within a really democratic approach to social and political issues. They are therefore doing both philosophical and social (or even political) work. The task is exacting, but it cannot be shirked. Examples like Vailati's and Calderoni's failure are there to teach a severe lesson. We cannot afford to be merely empirical, to deal with philosophy only as a discipline. We have to concern ourselves also with the choice between alternative doctrines—impelled as we are to contribute to a better social life without which our own philosophy would not be feasible.—*Third Programme*

## The Governor's Safari

By KATHLEEN STAHL

IT was the Eastern Province of Uganda. Tall branches of banana leaves had been stuck in the grass all along the red dirt roads, in anticipation of the Governor's visit. They stretched for mile upon mile in the sunshine, waving pale green fronds, with the darker bush behind them and above them the blue luminous sky. Every few miles in this green countryside the people had made arches of cane, decorated with red and yellow cannas, yellow flowers from the cassia trees, red from the flamboyants, lengths of flowered dimity, and hung with banners: 'Well Come to His Excellency', 'Wel Come His Ex the Gov'.

Round the arches were gathered the local citizens, the chief in long robes, the councillors, the young people, the drummers in full spate, the dancers immobile except for their wonderfully shaking bellies and behinds, and beyond them the long lines of schoolchildren in their uniforms, yellow, green, blue, khaki. At one arch stood the children from the Budini School of the Mill Hill Fathers, nearly 1,000 of them, from tiny chubby totos to fine upstanding young people; at another, a row of small girls with dark bright faces above their dresses which were all shades of faded lilac. At the head of the little procession of cars

the Union Jack flew bravely on the bonnet, and behind the Governor and his lady came the Provincial Commissioner, the District Commissioner, the leading African officials and local representatives. At each arch the Governor got out. In shorts, broad-brimmed hat, and carrying a stout African stick, he showed such pleasure at the warmth of welcome in these places that the drummers nearly burst their drums with fingers, palms, sticks; the dancers raised more dust, and women here and there suddenly gave the high exciting cry of ululation. At one arch he was handed a sturdy pair of kitchen scissors to cut a string and this was the signal for a trick cyclist to start doing his antics backwards in front of him. At another two men were standing precariously on top of the arch, silhouetted against the sky. How long had they been up there and how on earth did they manage it?

The way of this eight-day-long safari lay through the district of Busoga, one of the sixteen districts into which Uganda is divided, and supporting on its 3,700 square miles over 500,000 people. Apart from the Mengo district of Buganda it is the most populous and one of the richest, with cotton, groundnuts, maize, peas and beans, chillies, cattle, and coffee just beginning. The Governor moved in from the



south and day by day pitched his camp to the east, the west, the north. He was the first Governor to tour Uganda in this very local fashion, through the counties and sub-counties into which the district is divided. And the Provincial and District Commissioners, who are both devoted to this district, were letting him see it as it is.

The days began early with the guard of three askaris presenting arms and the bugler blowing as the Governor left camp. He was driving through the township of Kamuli when a man appeared, hidden by a white paper poster he was holding: 'We demand self-government now and direct elections and a common roll in 1957'. The Governor stopped the car and asked the man if he knew what a common roll was, whereat the man said 'No', and went off in his bright red-checked shirt laughing and waving to the car. It was a happy incident, and at the same time a token of the questions that were to come in the council meetings which were the central purpose of this visit.

The first council meeting was at Bugabula, one of the largest and most populous counties in Uganda. The council chamber was a long, pleasant, red-brick building, white-washed inside and supported by pillars all along its length. Outside, the bicycles were stacked. Inside, the hall was packed with people, sitting on chairs, on the floor, standing, filling all the spaces between the pillars so that only one patch of blue sky and the top of one flowering cassia tree, bright yellow in the hot, still sunshine, were visible above the tight-packed faces. The men wore kanzus, long white robes with a little fine embroidery at the neck and hem, and over this a western jacket. It was a sea of faces, young and old, one in a big yellow turban, another in a red, here and there a red fez or little white Moslem cap. In the front rows the councillors were sitting in their good new western suits. The few women were in the habitual dress, ample and majestic, a Victorian robe with the bodice sewn and the rest draped to the floor, always in strong clear colours with a contrasting broad loose girdle about the hips.

On the dais sat the Governor, a tall strong figure with a boyish quality about him, at ease, good humoured, and entirely immersed in the occasion. His personality dominated this meeting as it dominated all the safari. He bent his whole attention to the address of the fine old chief in a black gold-trimmed robe who stood before him: chief for forty-four years or almost the whole of his own lifetime. After this, his own address, reviewing the local and then the larger problems of the Protectorate; and then, after answering written questions, he asked for supplementary questions and then any other questions. The whole packed audience joined in, and for two hours or more one stood up here, one there, in the body of the hall, for the atmosphere though greatly courteous was an easy one. Some questions were searching and modern, some old-fashioned, some wise and some foolish, and each put his question and was unhurriedly answered or was questioned in turn so that discussion went on till the end of the point was fairly reached.

'The most important thing any of you have to learn', said the Governor, 'is to live and work together'; or, in answer to the incessant questions about more schools: 'There is never enough education and there are never enough schools. As soon as you get more, you want more. It is quite right that this should be so'. One simple soul, who wanted the treatment for leprosy to be not confined to lepers but extended to the whole population, was answered: 'You may be a thief in five years time, but should I put you in prison now?' A very old man wanted this county to take over part of another. Everybody in the hall obviously regarded his case as quite mad and there was a wave of laughter when the Governor met his long substantiation of an entirely



Sir Andrew Cohen, Governor of Uganda (with stick) under an arch erected to welcome him on his visit to the District of Busoga. On his right are, first, the Provincial Commissioner, and then, the Secretary-General of the District

fictitious past with: 'Your view of history is controversial'.

Gradually a pattern emerged of the questions which were uppermost in these people's minds and, though each successive day each council had its own especial character, the pattern remained the same. East African federation, land, and education were the three great topics. Self-government, to a varying extent, was another: *Kwefuga*, a familiar word in the towns, had seeped into the countryside.

When the council broke up everyone repaired to the dancing and drumming. There was remarkable belly-dancing upside down on a table, amid an immense effort from the musicians. They were playing in high fettle on huge, round hide drums, on long tubular snake-skin drums, on harps hung with cows' tails, on little metal rattles, and four squatting players were drawing wonderfully liquid music from an amadindo or xylophone, which consisted of two broad banana stems overlaid with tapering wood horizontals. The rhythm was loud, exciting, marvellous.

Towards the end of one hot afternoon, the Governor's little procession of cars, now become a long cortege of buses, lorries, every kind of vehicle, crammed with chattering people, reached Kitamutamba Hill. This was one enormous bare rock 400 feet high, rising from the flat marshy shore of Lake Kyoga. Then it seemed that the whole world dismounted and started the steep scramble to the top where a little cane shelter stood outlined against the high, clear sky. At the foot of the rock Bachwezi women in chaplets of cowrie shells were playing bright beaded flutes. On the smooth rounded rock itself the Governor could be distinguished by his broad felt hat, and all round him and fanning out on either side were the tiny clear figures of some 2,000 people. All were moving upwards, their clothes giving an effect mainly of white, then of reds and blues against the grey stone. It was from the Old Testament, an ancient and unforgettable sight.

Among the recurrent figures of these days was a man in a white drill suit with 'station-master' embroidered on his breast. He greeted the Governor: 'Salve, Pro-Consul! ad multos locos peregrinari debetur'. On this and succeeding occasions he spoke all the time sweetly and fluently in Latin. His was a one-man station and Cicero and Pliny were beside his time-table. The train was *equus ferreus* and Tororo, *Tororensis*. He wrote in Latin too and kept the Mill Hill Fathers up to scratch; they



A school-children's band parading past the Governor during a halt on his tour





The Governor visiting a banana grove

Photographs: K. Stahl

were just working out their reply to a letter announcing the arrival of several sacks of flour at the station. There was delighted surprise at meeting this medieval character. The Governor and Provincial Commissioner gathered their forces and, drawing heavily on the classics, conducted themselves creditably in conversation. But the A.D.C., Charles Lewis, now become *Carolus Ludovicus*, was nearer his own

school-days and the best one at chat. Could there be another African stationmaster, indeed any stationmaster, of such distinction in the whole continent?

In between the daily council meetings came the visits to schools and the lunches with hospitable county chiefs; the expeditions to farms and homesteads or to watch the newly introduced ox ploughs at work. At some point of the safari, a photographer had attached himself. He carried an antique mahogany tripod apparatus, surely a long-ago gift from Queen Victoria to someone in this country. Although without visible means of locomotion he turned up everywhere and, as soon as he caught the party sitting for a moment, pulled a huge plate out of some newspaper and dived under his black cloth. Did he use the same plate over and over? He was there at the meeting of a women's club where, after showing the really fine hand-work they had done, a group of splendid women in scarlet, with their hair each differently curled, combed, parted, came forward and sang to a rollicking tune 'Flies bring dysentery' and 'When the bird has eaten too much it can do nothing'.

Each day was eleven hours long and the return to camp was made just before sunset. In each tent the pressure lamp was sizzling and the tin bath was ready for hot water. Soon all the people of the day would come, the Mill Hill Fathers, the secretary-general, the chief and councillors, the interpreter and the stationmaster, to drink and talk a little, as the moonless night drew on and the stars and the firelight and the busy insect hum came into their own.

'*Haec meminisse iuvabit*', the stationmaster can be heard saying. And I would echo him; it will be a pleasure to look back upon these things.—*Home Service*

## Great Manifestos of the Past—II

# Burke and the French Revolution

By MAURICE CRANSTON

I TRIED in my previous talk\* to look, as it were, through the eyes of 1957 at a political manifesto written in 1857 or thereabouts; Mill's *Essay on Liberty*. I want here to consider the work of an earlier philosopher, the *Reflections on the Revolution in France* by Edmund Burke. It may cause surprise that I should speak of Burke as a philosopher. Was he not something rather humbler: a journalist, a lawyer, at best a politician? True; he was all these things. He sat in the House of Commons from 1766 until 1794, and he was, if not a great orator, at least a great oratorical writer. He had not what is generally considered a philosopher's cast of mind; he did not appeal solely to reason; and he was not calm. Yet there is a sense in which Burke was a true philosopher. His *Reflections on the Revolution in France* is a masterly exposition of political thought, certainly not less important as a conservative manifesto than is Mill's *Essay on Liberty* as a liberal manifesto.

The difference between Burke and Mill is chiefly one of temperament. Mill was a scholar and of the library. Burke was a statesman and of the world. But Burke was also a natural writer; he commanded an English style which has become a model of its rich, majestic—one might almost say Churchillian—kind. As a controversialist he hits hard. Mill does not abuse his opponents. Burke does: he damns the 'petulant, assuming, short-sighted coxcombs of philosophy'. He says of Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists that he prefers not to quote from 'their vulgar, base and profane language', and he speaks of 'the black and savage atrocity of mind' which is induced in the public by the writings of the revolutionists, writings composed in 'the patois of fraud' and 'the cant and gibberish of hypocrisy'. Nor does Burke hesitate to impute the worst motives to the men he criticises. It is 'envy and malignity' which inspires their attacks on their betters.

What is so interesting to the present-day reader is that Burke was at the same time a sceptic and a man of faith; a positivist and yet in many ways a mystic. Let us look at his scepticism first. The liberal intellectuals of the eighteenth century believed in Natural Law

and Liberty, Equality and the Rights of Man. Burke did not; and he disagreed on wholly positivistic grounds. Just what, he wanted to know, were these rights of man he heard so much about? Were they written down? Were they enforced? Did they, in fact, exist at all? He received no satisfactory answers. The rights of Englishmen he could understand; they existed because the laws of England named those rights, and the government of England upheld them. But what law upheld the rights of man? Nothing, apparently, but what the philosophers called Natural Law—a law which was not written down and which no authority administered. It seemed clear to Burke that a law which was neither specific nor enforced was a fiction, a myth, a metaphysical abstraction with no real content: and, hence, that the so-called rights of man which derived from this so-called law were fictitious rights. What Burke wanted was facts, not speculative principles. What he recognised was not the theoretical rights of all men but the actual rights of citizens under real laws of real states.

Burke was no less positivistic in his treatment of liberty and equality. He claimed, with truth, that he was a friend of liberty; but the liberty he favoured was measured liberty, relative liberty. He had no patience with the idea of absolute liberty; still less with the idea of absolute equality. A political society by its very nature implied authority. People could not both be ruled and at the same time be free from rule. The whole art of politics was to maintain a balance between liberty and authority. Simply to pursue liberty and forget authority was to take the road to anarchy. When he turned to the idea of equality Burke was even more emphatic. First, he held that men were not equal, and could not be equal: so that to pretend they were equal, or could be equal, was to shut one's eyes to nature and to truth. Secondly, he said that the egalitarians, the levellers, were really out to steal the privileges of men they envied. Hence the cult of equality was not just an error but a fraud. The two arguments are, of course, separate. Burke may have been wrong about the motives of the levellers and still right, in his first point, that equality is unnatural and unachievable.



The only sort of equality which Burke thought it sensible to promote was what he described as the moral equality of a society where everyone was in his rightful place and contented with his proper station—something far removed from 'that monstrous fiction', as he called it, 'which by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations into men destined to travel in the obscure walk of laborious life, serves only to aggravate and embitter that real inequality which it never can remove'. Burke believed in what could be tested by experience and he refused to believe in what was conjured up in the minds of intellectuals.

However, as I have said, Burke was something more than a positivist. He combined with his scepticism a deep emotional faith in tradition, in the wisdom of the past, in established, ancient things and ways. His devotion to tradition was indeed his religion. For although Burke was a Church man, with him, I suspect, it was not a case of his having read theology and decided that the claims of the Church of England were true; but rather a case of his having read history and found that the Church of England was old. He loved the Church because he loved tradition; he did not love tradition because he loved the Church.

His love of the past increased as he grew older. He was sixty when he wrote his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. As a younger man he had described the Middle Ages as 'wholly barbarous'; here we find he speaks of 'the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century'. Yet if Burke grew more conservative with the years, I would defend him against the charge, which is often brought against him, that he was inconsistent, that he changed from a left-wing Whig into a right-wing die-hard reactionary. It is true that Burke had sympathised with several earlier revolutions, but between those revolutions of which he approved and the French Revolution which he detested there was, he believed, a radical difference in kind. The English Revolution of 1688 was in his view a revolution against innovations. James II was the innovator, and the English people had forced him to go in order to recover the traditional laws and privileges which James II had taken from them. Similarly, the American and Indian rebellions which had had Burke's warm support were rebellions on behalf of the old against the new. The French Revolution, on the other hand, was one designed to introduce new ideas and ways. That was why Burke opposed it. It was the innovation he objected to, not the revolution; the end, not the means—though he protested at the violence and cruelty of the later phases of the revolution, without, however, being in the least surprised by those atrocities: he had always believed that to abandon tradition was to open the flood-gates to evil.

Here one sees the greatest contrast between the views of Burke and of Mill. Mill, the humanist, believed that men could be trusted to go their own ways and follow their own lights, however novel. Burke believed that the potential evil in man was illimitable, and was only held in check by the elaborate restraints which had been evolved down the centuries and which were embodied in established codes and institutions. But if, as I believe, Mill underestimated the capacity of man for evil, Burke overestimated the power of traditional institutions to ward off evil. There can be bad traditions as well as good ones; and the ways of the past are not 'proven ways' for the present if the circumstances of the present are different—and, they are often very different—from the circumstances of the past.

Burke could see that liberty meant nothing apart from its context. He could say, in talking of liberty, 'Circumstances . . . give in reality to every political principle its distinguishing colour and discriminating effect'. But he did not see the relevance of this point to his own principle of tradition. Old ideas might have been the best ideas in old conditions. But in a changing world—and in 1789 the world was

already changing fast—it did not necessarily follow that what had proved efficacious for centuries was still the most efficacious thing. Burke forgets that the arguments he raises against liberal theories are just as applicable to his own theory.

There is another point, a familiar left-wing point, which I should hesitate to mention if Burke were not himself so free in imputing motives to others. This is the question of a vested interest in tradition. In other words, this is to ask of one who says that the established order is for the public good, how far it is in fact for his private advantage. Clearly if the traditional social framework is preserved some people are going to remain on top and some stay underneath. Did Burke, then, speak as one who was on top and wanted to stay there: as a man of privilege who wished to retain his privileges? He was not a man of noble birth. His father was a rather shabby Irish lawyer at a time when lawyers generally were less well thought of than they are today. Burke himself rose to fame and power on his wits and on patronage. But he did rise, and he was proud and imperious by nature. When he described a decent traditional order as one in which the common people were 'protected, satisfied, laborious and obedient' he certainly did not visualise himself as one of them. It was not for him to obey, but to legislate and lead. So the reader may well find himself wondering whether a man who was cast in the Burkean scheme to be protected, satisfied, and obedient might not prefer to modify or overthrow that scheme if need be in order to become, like Burke himself, something better? I do not know the answer to this, but I should expect the emotional appeal of Burke's philosophy to be strongest among those who have most to lose by innovation; that is to say, among the inheritors of traditional privilege: though the emphasis of Burke's writing is on the argument that no one has anything to gain by innovation. I must not make it seem that Burke was without feeling for his less privileged contemporaries. He was, in fact, a man of compassion and humanity; a strong opponent, for example, of the slave trade, and a keen champion of penal reform. But he thought of such reforms as a return to the wisdom of the past rather than as steps towards a better and uncharted future. Thus, he writes:

I would not exclude alteration . . . but even when I changed it should be to preserve. I should be led to my remedy by a grievance. In what I did I should follow the example of our ancestors. I would make the reparation as nearly as possible in the style of the building. A political caution, a guarded circumspection, a moral rather than a complexional timidity, were among the ruling principles of our ancestors in their most decided conduct. . . . Let us imitate their caution, if we wish to deserve their fortune, or to retain their bequests.

They are fine words, and wise words, though I should wish to add that a critical attitude is a part of caution; and so far dissent from Burke as to think that one should be as critical of old ideas and institutions as of new ones. But in saying this I betray my own hand; I proclaim myself once more a liberal. To dissent from Burke is to dissent from conservatism. For what we now know as conservatism has no better modern exponent than he. It is indeed a curious fact about conservatism that while it can claim several of the very greatest political philosophers among its champions, its minor apologists in England have seldom been distinguished intellectuals. Conservatism often seems inarticulate and unreflective, especially when comparisons are made with the prodigious and energetic theorisings of radicalism. In Burke, conservatism is splendidly articulate. He shows that there is as rational a case to be made for his kind of right-wing view as there is for any left-wing view. What is more, he does so in terms of a robust empiricism which is not only characteristically English but remarkably up to date. His central argument in these *Reflections* is as topical and relevant in 1957 as it was in 1789.—*North of England Home Service*



Edmund Burke (1729-1797)

National Portrait Gallery



## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

**A** YOUNG SCULPTOR, Anthony Caro, is having his first exhibition at the Gallery of Gimpel Fils. As an exhibition it is a *tour de force*. The visitor finds himself in a small room; light filters down through a white sheet stretched tight over his head, and all around him are massive figures dominated by a six-foot 'Woman in Pregnancy'; reliefs, great cast blocks, are clamped to scaffolding against the wall, and heads in which there are sudden flashes of naturalism crowd between the larger figures. Every way he looks he sees the same brutal surfaces of the sculpture gleaming and bubbling against the deceptively neutral and workmanlike appointments of the room. I emphasise the dramatic *ensemble* of the exhibition because one encounters here a cluster of ideas and usages that produce in sum an almost overpowering concentration of a taste of the moment.

Caro's style owes much to Dubuffet and Paolozzi, though underneath their influence there are traces of a more conventional elegance. His figures are like Golems, black snowmen. They have a monstrous vitality which does not derive so much from the particular nature of their forms as from the sense one receives that these forms are emerging from the muck that they are made of. If there is an inner subject here, it is Creation as a Nightmare. This particular fantasy, of signs of life emerging from brute matter, has been an obsessive theme in the recent past. We have met it more than once in the cinema, when Charles Vanel's shaved head emerged screaming from the pool of oil in 'Le Salaire de la Peur' or more recently in 'X the Unknown' when we found ourselves watching with disgust a mass of radioactive mud that behaved as though it had an intelligence. The shock that these sculptures deliver is that they should look human at all; one almost wishes them back into clay, back into the bin. I cannot express the reason for this reaction by saying that I do not admire them as works of art but only by saying that I reject the terms and the atmosphere that would make them into works of art. When I watch a small child draw a head and not mind whether the eyes come inside or outside the contour of the head I am aware of an intense though uncritical desire to make something. When I notice that the stance of Caro's pregnant woman does not respond at all to the enormous weight of her stomach I am aware merely of a sort of childishness being called into the service of adult pretence. Style, I believe, is more than a code.

There is much to look at in the New Year exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. I was particularly interested in a Delacroix drawing and a landscape drawing by J. F. Millet. Among the nineteenth-century paintings there is a large Vuillard of visitors to the Louvre peering into glass cases and a beautiful Bernhard Sickert, 'The Arcade, Genoa'. Anthony Fry, Edward Middleditch, Terry Frost, Mary Potter, and Keith Baynes are showing pictures that seem to me to be in their best vein. William Townsend has a new painting here, a large upright of a waterfall.

Townsend is always concerned with two aspects of the picture which he differentiates quite clearly: a certain kind of clear-cut design and a methodical and almost puritanically clean execution. Like a long line

of English painters from Cotman to Gilman he knows that the magic of topographical vision lies in the shifting jigsaw of cut shapes. He is always trying to make an image out of these shapes and never more successfully than in the hop-alley perspectives he was painting a few years ago. These were not so much studies in recession as flat, thickly painted images built up out of the shapes made by recession. Recently his use of paint has changed and he is now working with the thinnest washes which he floats on to a canvas that is left only partly covered. I have felt that his drawing is not yet adjusted to this new use of the

paint and is indeed restricted by it. Whereas he is forced to design even more conservatively (holding on to what he has) on the flat, the transparent washes of paint ebb and flow independently in space, giving a thinness to the design. In the present picture the passage at the top left centre is far fuller and richer than the rest, and it is precisely here that the immaculate purity of drawing and execution has broken down. There is room for a reconciliation between the various stages of Townsend's painting and a more sensuous acceptance of his talent.

Whoever on British Railways was responsible for commissioning a mural decoration for the waiting room on number ten platform, King's Cross, should feel very pleased with the result. The work was done by a young painter called Janet Barret. It is painted on hardboard panels attached to the wall and isolated by a frame. The room itself has new furniture and new paint; it is high and bleak and depressing, and the extraordinary thing about this decoration is that it succeeds in humanising the place, causing one to covet one's seat in front of it, a key position. Anyone walking up to it, as I did first, in a gallery-going frame of mind might easily miss its quality for it is at first sight empty. It represents a lattice structure like a bridge or a signal gantry, one

cannot say exactly what. The structure is in three parts, the centre part giving a receding perspective, and it is here in this perspective that one's impressions of the station are concentrated. Through the window to the right one catches glimpses of the picture's raw material, the chaos of criss-crosses in the roof of the suburban station. Janet Barret has used earth reds and greys. The main red reflects out on to the new seats of the waiting room, which are brick-red, and they in turn send one's mind's eye on that long walk up number ten platform with the wall on one's right and the red coaches of the train on one's left. The picture is like a firm and simple conclusion to one's own wandering about. There are no figures in it.

*Your Parish Church* is the subject of the twelfth report of the Central Council for the Care of Churches, published by the Church Information Board, price 4s. 6d. It contains, among other things, an article by the Dean of York and a discussion of the problem of 'Dampness in Churches' by F. I. G. Rawlins, Technical Director of the Central Council for the Care of Churches.

A recent publication by Batsford is *Church Brasses*, by A. C. Bouquet (price 35s.)



'Eve', by Anthony Caro, from the exhibition of his work at Gimpel Fils



# The Vitality and Kindliness of H. G. Wells

By LANCE SIEVEKING

WHEN I was a boy in the reign of Edward VII a day seldom passed without the name of H. G. Wells cropping up in some connection or other, but it could not be mentioned in my mother's hearing. I had seen Wells now and then at the house of G. K. Chesterton. He did not go beyond giving me an occasional twinkling smile or a cheerful 'Hello', but I enjoyed listening to his squeaky voice contradicting people and making exciting assertions that lit up one's imagination. I had read everything of his that I could get hold of. It seems funny now that I had to hide his books from my mother.

H.G. and Bernard Shaw were among Chesterton's closest friends. Chesterton used to say that Wells was really much more his sort than Shaw. 'Wells' he said, 'has more true levity than Shaw, a glow of ribald high spirits and a love of larking'. He was always tickled by the disparity of size between himself and Wells, who was tiny compared with Chesterton. This was emphasised in some strange way by the fact that both had high squeaky voices. To hear them talking enthusiastically together sounded almost as though they were imitating each other, though probably neither of them was conscious of this.

It is far from an advantage to be taller than other people, unless your mental height is also greater than theirs. I felt this more keenly with H. G. Wells than with anyone else who has been important in my life. I was happiest when he stood and I sat, if possible on a little low stool. If we both stood, he was obliged to throw his head back and look up at me; there was an extra something in his tone that slightly coloured what he was saying. He was short and stout with rather sloping shoulders. He had a large head with sparse hair, a straggling moustache, and a squeaky voice, but his eyes and mouth were beautiful. When he smiled he radiated vitality and a warmth of human kindliness that immediately infected everyone. There are two photographs of him, taken long before I met him, one when he was ten, the other when he was nearly thirty. In the boy's face one sees that cheeky, sceptical expression H.G. never lost, and looking at him as he was twenty years later it is easy to understand why women loved him. One woman, on being asked what had attracted her, is said to have replied: 'His body smelt of honey'.

Be that as it may, his mind certainly smelt of honey, and this was nowhere more apparent than in the final sentence of

his will, written in his own hand: 'And finally I want to record my loving recognition of the good and sane behaviour of all my offspring towards me and each other and the abundant interest and happiness with which they have enriched my life and I leave them my benedic-

tion'. Incidentally, he left them a handsome quantity of the more tangible expressions of love and affection. How different from the will of Bernard Shaw, with all its fuss about 'reputation' and 'Great Man' stuff. But then H.G. could laugh at himself.

The first time I met H.G., so that he was conscious of my existence, was in the reign of George V. I had just come down from Cambridge and was for the moment a reporter on a London daily newspaper. In Fleet Street I made friends with a breezy and genial man, the Hon. Maynard Greville, who asked me down to Dunmow for the weekend. We went over to tea with his mother, Lady Warwick, at Easton Lodge. Tea was spread at a long table in the central hall, an airy, general sort of introduction was made, and I glanced round the many faces, wondering where I could sit. Though I was nearly twenty-five I was still shy on such occasions, and I shall never forget the real warmth and smiling friendliness of H.G. and Mrs. Wells. Seeing my hesitation, H.G. immediately moved sideways and



The ten-year-old boy, with 'that cheeky, sceptical expression H. G. never lost'



The rising author, twenty-five years later: at this time Wells had already written *The Time Machine*, *The War of the Worlds*, and *Love and Mr. Lewisham*

indicated a space into which I pushed a chair. We were near the head of the table, at which sat the commanding Edwardian figure of Lady Warwick in an enormous 'picture hat'. Opposite me were Basil Dean and Maynard's sister, Lady Mercy Greville, who were engaged to be married.

I was conscious of only one thing. Close beside me sat four people whom I had known and loved for years: I was content to gaze at and listen to Kipps, Lewisham, Mr. Polly, and George Ponderevo. There they were, all rolled into one, within an inch of me. Here was George Ponderevo himself, no longer the little son of the housekeeper at Bladesover House, that Stately Home of England, but the George Ponderevo who, as a man, was received as a matter of course in such houses, and who had become rather wealthier and enormously more influential than many of the old aristocracy. This was absurd of me, of course, because H.G. was not the sort of writer who goes about all the time being the Creator of Certain Celebrated Characters. No, H.G. was never that sort of writer—though in old age occasionally a little wave of affection would well up for one or other of his earliest characters. But in 1920 he was only fifty-four and at the fullest, most active time of his life, and his past books were pushed out of the way as he continuously cleared his mental decks for the next big encounter, the next big job. Never again for the rest of my life did I ever see him except as himself and not as the author of such-and-such.

The Wellses lived near-by at Easton Glebe and from time to time I used to visit them there. There were always all sorts of things going on and a great coming and going of exciting people from every walk of life, all of whom, it seemed to me, were forced to play H.G.'s 'ball game'—unless they were really too old and frail. This game was new to most of them, but I knew it well in the Navy, where we called it



'medicine ball'. It consisted in heaving about at each other a very heavy ball of leather, rather larger than a football and filled with some fairly solid material, probably sawdust. Your balance had to be pretty good and you had to be nippy on your feet, otherwise you were liable, when the ball buffeted your chest, to find yourself on your back. H.G. bounded about, shouting shrill admonitions and sweating prodigiously. I never tried the mixed hockey, a far more dangerous game. It is impossible to play hockey if you are, as I am, left-handed.

H.G. used to draw little pictures in margins and letters, and on walls too. At the end of the garden of 13 Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, H.G. did a frieze of drawings representing the rise and fall of all the different 'Lords of Creation', beginning with prehistoric monsters and ending with Man (the 'men' were all in top hats, I remember). Under Man was written 'Time to depart?'

### An Apocalyptic Aphorism

H.G. was not a Christian, but I think that in his life he did more to further the enlightenment of his fellow creatures and to help them to free themselves from their self-imposed chains than any one man for centuries, and in this, I think, the Founder of Christianity would have approved of him. I once asked him why, as he did not believe in a future life, he thought our behaviour here mattered. He replied: 'There are certain things that the spirit of mankind will *not* put up with'. It may seem an obscure answer, but I did not think so. I still think it is an apocalyptic aphorism expressed with superb economy. We were talking about slavery, dictatorship, and so on, but all the same his reply contains a more general principle.

A few months ago, when I heard Mr. St. John Ervine talking disparagingly about him on the radio, I was moved to anger. Then I seemed to hear H.G.'s squeaky voice and the exclamation of one very short word. The statement that H.G. was afraid of death was completely untrue. H.G. nearly died several times when he was a young man and the idea had no terrors for him.

I was sitting with him at No. 13 Hanover Terrace not long before his death when, apropos of something we were discussing, he said, with a cheerful smile: 'I shall die quietly, probably in bed, when I am eighty. My father and my grandfather did. My father was telling his housekeeper the proper way to make a suet pudding when he sat up in bed and died. It is an hereditary irregularity in our family pulse'—and he winked at me, smiled, and talked of other things. He regarded death with all the calm acceptance with which well-balanced men and women regard the inevitable; and, as he had said, he did die in bed, when he was eighty.

It was typical of H.G. that he refused to leave London during the air raids. 'That [very rude word] Hitler isn't going to get *me* on the run!' So, when people by the hundred thousand were abandoning their houses and rushing into the country, this sturdy old gentleman quietly got himself a tin hat and fire-watched regularly while the bombs crashed all around. He was particularly concerned for the Aubusson carpet in his drawing-room. So much for his being afraid of death.

He was always charming to the young. One day, in the regrettable reign of Edward VIII, I and my elder son, Gale, happened to meet H.G. in the Zoo, where he often used to walk. He smiled at the boy and, taking his hand, said: 'Now you've shaken hands with Queen Anne. I've shaken hands with Ray Lankester, who shook hands with Darwin, who shook hands with Fanny Burney, who shook hands with Doctor Johnson, who shook hands with Queen Anne'. Gale and I wondered about this, because of dates; but, like everything H.G. said in the realm of verifiable facts, it was accurate. Queen Anne touched Johnson's hand for 'King's Evil' (scrofula) when Johnson was only five, just four years before she died.

### Stimulating Fun and Invention

It was a stimulating experience to work with H.G., even when he was old. During the last twenty years of our friendship I dramatised a good many of his short stories and novels for radio and the cinema. I used to go along with a scene or two or a complete script, and the gusto he brought to these encounters made me look forward to them as I have seldom looked forward to anything. Though he had written more than fifty books since *The History of Mr. Polly*, he came back to it with the authentic freshness of fun and invention with which he had told the story nearly forty years earlier. He concentrated, chuckled, scribbled marginal alterations for an hour or two, and then suddenly stopped, turned to me, and said: 'Brain gone for the day'. And it had.

Once I thought I had irretrievably offended him. In 1926 he was publishing a series of prophetic articles in a Sunday newspaper. Mr. Reith, as he then was, heard that the next one was to be about broadcasting and was going to say that it was merely an amusing new toy which people would soon get tired of; that it had no really lasting possibilities. The B.B.C. had been in existence only about two years and was sensitive to disparagement or discouragement. Mr. Reith told me that it would be a feather in my cap if I could persuade Wells to withdraw the article.

Full of misgivings, I went off and talked to H.G., who was then living in Whitehall Court. He flew off the handle at me, and small wonder. I cannot remember what he said; I was too upset. It was awful to be caught between two loyalties and I do not remember if the article said what we feared, but, if it did, it was almost unique among his prophecies in having been proved completely wrong. I was miserable for days, having been made to feel a perfect fool; but more because I was afraid that I had lost H.G.'s friendship. Then, one evening, I went to a party at C. R. W. Nevinston's studio on Haverstock Hill. There were a good many people already there when I arrived, but the first person I saw was H.G. talking to Constant Lambert. I was about to slip past without greeting them when H.G. boisterously banged me on the back and cried:

'What, still alive? I thought I'd left you for dead on the battlefield'.

I grinned, perhaps a little sheepishly, and squeezed his arm: 'I thought—', I began.

'Don't be an ass', he said, close to my ear, with a note of affection.

Like Walt Whitman, that evening I was very happy; and all next day my food nourished me more.—*Home Service*

## The Site

A granulated, storm-blown, ashen sky  
Behind blanched, still unruined columns where  
Monarch and queen, prophetic sister, dry  
Old statesman still descend the marble stair.

'You are my destiny'. 'Do not go forth  
Today in combat'. 'This whole realm is sick'.  
Their voices rise into the breaking light  
And die away towards the barbarous north.

These could not, though half conscious of their plight,  
Grasp the extent of time's appalling trick  
That stole the flesh that was so sweet and thick,  
Broke wall and bones, saved from the gorgeous site  
Some kitchen pot, discarded and obese,  
And gave the great names to horses and disease.

ROY FULLER

## Antinous

Even as gently from the slime we drew him  
It was my lover whom we tried to wake;  
His folded clothing was the way I knew him,  
Almost the message which he could not speak.

And in the days that followed, my contrition  
Kept still a candle burning in the mind,  
As if my body by a late confession  
Could now discover what it had to find.

It was this feeling towards a need for longer  
That the whole man might come to understand  
Which shaped this strange destruction where I linger  
Strange to a world which it had seemed I planned.

It is not that a past I cannot cherish  
Calls from these tight-bound swaddling bands a son;  
This new creation has no art to nourish  
More than desire for death and dying men.

QUENTIN STEVENSON



# Recollections of a Remarkable Actor

GORDON CRAIG on Giovanni Grasso

**I** WONDER if you remember the name of Giovanni Grasso? He was a Sicilian and a remarkable actor. He had a brother who was a great puppet player, and Grasso in his youth was also a puppet player, but then he went on to the bigger stage and you may have seen him in London, I think, with Mimi Aguglia. Wonderful actors when they were together; when they parted—because she went after some money in America—it was not quite the same thing.

I not only saw Grasso acting in Moscow, of all places, but I took some of the members of the Moscow Art Theatre to see him act as well. Then Stanislavsky went with me and he arranged for a friendly performance to take place privately in his theatre. Grasso was to bring his company and perform a one-act play, and then the Moscow Art Theatre would play the ball scene out of a Russian play called 'Too Many Wits'—or 'The disadvantage of too many wits'—I'm not sure. But Grasso was a *tour de force* of a man. The other was an ensemble piece in which everybody and everything played its part: even the chandeliers were remarkable. When the curtain rose the room was dark and it represented the drawing-room before the ball, and the chandeliers were beginning to be lighted as if by magic—they were candles and not electricity. Do you know how it's done? I could show you, but I can't describe it here.

The Moscow company opened the ball with their performance with the chandelier, and Grasso and his company and myself sat in front to watch and applaud them. We were not more than about eight or ten of us. There were only four actors in Grasso's piece, and four actors in front, even assisted by myself, can't make a very great deal of noise even if the performance rouses a great deal of emotion. However, we did our best with 'Bravo, bravo'—and I'm a very good audience, whatever else I may not be. At the end of this piece the curtain came down. It had not been frightfully thrilling but the actors all came out into the foyer in their make-ups and their dresses, and we talked. Then came Grasso's turn—he went on to the stage, the curtain rose. Grasso then began to break every rule of the game according to the Moscow Art Theatre. But he swept the boards and his own performance was certainly electrical. The Moscow Art Theatre really thundered with applause for once in its history. As a rule, in that theatre, it was only the brains in front, the brains of the spectator, that

rattled a sort of dry bullet-like volley of applause at any performance of any play. I can't recall in my experience any evening when the audience in that theatre rose to its feet electrified and out of itself. But it did at the end of Grasso's play.

'What a temperament', said Knipper to me as she passed to go and congratulate Grasso. Knipper was the wife of Chekhov. She evidently thought very highly of temperament, but I can't understand how so because temperament was apparently discounted in the Moscow Art Theatre. I cannot think of it as badly as Stanislavsky apparently did, for while there are some plays that temperament might ruin, there are others that it can make. Some parts of the plays of Shakespeare can be wrecked and others can be made by this means, by temperament let loose.

Before I saw him in Moscow, I had come across Grasso quite often in Italy. There was something really great in his work; also in the work of Mimi Aguglia, who later, as I told you, deserted him, as they say, and went to act in an Italian quarter of New York, for more money, I suppose. Grasso came to London, and she was with him then, and it is recorded that my dear old uncle, Fred Terry, said after the first act of one of the plays: 'If I hadn't feared it would make a scandal, I would have got up and left the theatre'. Which performance it was that worked him up, I don't know; I can't understand any actor on earth being troubled or certainly not upset by any performance except a rotten bad one, and Grasso never gave a bad performance. I suppose that what Fred Terry disliked was the realistic exploitation of this temperament, and when Grasso let himself go, and Mimi Aguglia, too, there was no mistake about that.

This always reminds me of a story under a very funny picture in *Punch*. Two people are in a train: an elderly woman, grinning like a Cheshire cat, is sitting with her back to the engine, quite comfortable; a man facing her, very nervous, is holding on to his seat looking out of the window. The man says 'Madam, don't you think the train is rocking a bit?' She replies, 'Well, you see, it's my old man what's drivin' and he can make her go when he's got a bit of drink in 'im'.

Grasso was a terribly abstemious man—he never had a bit of drink in him so far as I could ever make out, but, by jove, he could drive a play along at a hell of a rate.

—Third Programme



Giovanni Grasso with Mimi Aguglia



Scene from 'Malia', given by the Sicilian Players at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, in 1908: centre background, Grasso, as Ninu, is murdering his rival, Cola

Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection





## The shape of steel to come

**N**EVER HAS THE STEEL INDUSTRY had so much to contribute to Britain's scientific progress, as well as to her basic services and other industries. What is the next great project that will challenge the steel industry's versatility and skill? The devising of special steels to help tomorrow's aircraft break the 'heat barrier'? Co-operation with physicists to build new plant for atomic power stations? This much is certain — Britain's future is closely linked to the growth and development of steel. What is the state of this vital industry?

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knowledge in their special fields but applying their ability to a varied range of practical problems. And you would see arts men as well as engineers and scientists.

As production goes up and the industry takes on its new look, these men are on their way up too. There is no limit to the prospects in store for the industry and the people who work in it.

Steel is a modern industry. An industry to which the men who run it bring skill, technical knowledge and enthusiasm. It looks confidently towards a great future — to the shape of steel to come.

*Steel is quick to make use of all the most modern techniques; television, for example. In a steelworks this can give a man a second pair of eyes — perhaps to watch an operation going on inside a furnace, where it would otherwise be invisible.*



*Issued by The British Iron and Steel Federation*

STEEL HOUSE, TOTHILL STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## The Middle Classes and the Cost of Living

Sir,—As Mr. Keith Kelsall states (THE LISTENER, January 10): 'Statistics can be made to prove almost anything'. He may be aware that the *Annual Abstract of Statistics*, published by the Government, states that since 1938 wages have increased by approximately 250 per cent., salaries by approximately 266 per cent. The actual figures are £1,920,000,000 £6,750,000,000; £910,000,000—£3,380,000,000. It seems clear, if these figures are correct, that with an increase of 127 per cent. the doctors would be getting very much less than their pre-war share of the national cake.

In comparing us with other salaried groups of professional people, Mr. Kelsall leaves out two very important points. In our case remuneration is gross and all our expenses must be met therefrom. Other groups enjoy a net salary. Secondly, other professional people assumed their present status and prospects knowing what these were, whereas we were bulldozed into the Health Service by a man who is probably the most brilliant politician of our day. He did ease the proceeding by assuring us that our economic status would not be lowered if our remuneration were derived from government sources rather than from private fees. So far as I am aware, such a promise was not given to any other group. We have been simple enough to believe that his promise would be held to bind his successors in office. Why not? Does not the Government expect Colonel Nasser to hold himself bound by a convention signed in 1888 when, I believe, Egypt was merely a satrapy of the now defunct Ottoman Empire?—Yours, etc.,  
• Launceston DONALD M. O'CONNOR

## Some Modern Italian Philosophers

Sir,—Mr. Michael Swan, in 'The Spoken Word' in THE LISTENER of January 3, was extremely kind towards my two talks on Italian contemporary philosophy and society. Sincerely, I even found he overrated them. There are some points, however, which I should like to make a little more precise than they appear to be in Mr. Swan's words.

Mr. Swan writes that 'to support [my] suggestion that Croce was by temperament an old-fashioned conservative' I 'pointed to his complete lack of concern about the welfare of the peasants on his estates, whose work kept him in reasonable luxury'. To this I have to object: (i) My own words were different, and (I believe) less committal, (ii) I was not trying to produce a piece of personal gossip about Croce's temperament. I was using some bits of the available evidence and some results of up-to-date research, (iii) Mr. Swan's way of reporting a small portion of my argument out of its context makes one think that my whole argument hinged on Croce's lack of concern about his peasants. On the contrary, I was describing some aspects of Croce's life and mentality to complete a picture which had been, mainly, philosophical. In other words, I did not say that Croce's was a peculiar sort of idealist liberalism, etc., because he had certain human defects. Nor did I propound any other such strict causal connection. (iv) In the very description of Croce's mentality the point about the peasants was only one point—some of the others being his pontifical attitude, the advice he gave in 1940 to go and fight for the Father-

land (i.e., whether he realised it or not, for fascism), and his inability to understand the Resistance Movement.

It is true, as Mr. Swan says, that nobody thinks less of *The Social Contract* because Rousseau 'sent his bastards packing to the orphanage'. But Rousseau died in 1778, and a few little things have evolved since. Perhaps we are less prepared to forgive human defects in contemporary scholars than in eighteenth-century ones. The more so when a contemporary scholar becomes, and wants to be, the moral guide of a nation. Besides, Rousseau's life was very unhappy; and this is not the case with Croce.

But what I found really grave in Mr. Swan's interpretation of my views is that he makes me maintain 'that Croce contributed to fascism'. This is true only in a very attenuated sense of the word 'contributing'—a sense which I tried to bring out through the whole context of my two talks. As a matter of fact, I never used the phrase 'Croce contributed to fascism'. What I did say was that 'Croce's frame of mind and some of his mental habits were not basically unlike those which contributed to fascism'. May I ask you to notice the difference between these very cautious words and the quasi-slogan 'Croce contributed to fascism'? But I also said that Croce's influence 'as an intellectual leader of the opposition [to fascism] was of course a splendid thing'; that 'no one did as much as he to keep the idea of freedom alive'; and that he 'did oppose fascism because he was a sincere liberal'.

I would certainly not be pleased if my countrymen got a feeling that I was trying to dress down nobody less than Benedetto Croce, and that I was doing it as a guest at a non-Italian broadcasting corporation. These things happen to require a very nice handling.

Yours, etc.,  
Milan FERRUCCIO ROSSI-LANDI

Sir,—It gave me great pleasure to read Signor Rossi-Landi's talk about Italian philosophers (THE LISTENER, January 10) and particularly the neo-idealists, whose obscurity, after a brilliant explosion in the 'twenties, is one of the mysteries of epistemology.

Bertrand Russell, who admittedly has little use for idealism, ignored Gentile completely in his *History of Western Philosophy*. I hope that this talk will lead to a revival of the study of neo-idealism now that analytical positivism has proved so barren a country.

I am puzzled by one remark of Signor Rossi-Landi. He states that Croce could be called Gentile's most brilliant pupil or rival. I rubbed my eyes at this and hastened to my references. If Croce was thirty-five when he was influenced by Gentile, then Gentile must have produced his mature works when he was twenty-five at the most: and this was not so.

Professor Joad in his *Introduction to Modern Philosophy* (page 56) writes: 'Gentile stands to Croce in the relation of a pupil to the master he has outstripped'. And as to rivalry at that stage, let Gentile speak for himself. In the dedication to Croce in *Lo Spirito* (which I believe to be a very great work indeed) he writes:

*Ora in tutto questo tempo la collaborazione è divenuta sempre più intima l'amicizia sempre più salda. Ma quel mio vecchio libro non vive più nell'animo mio; e io perciò sento il bisogno di tornare a scrivere il tuo caro nome a capo di questo. [1916]*

'Now after all this time' (i.e., twenty years after a previous dedication)

our collaboration has become more intimate, our friendship firmer. But this old book of mine exists no longer only in my mind; and therefore I feel it is appropriate to write your name affectionately at its head.

Yours, etc.,  
Gidea Park G. E. ASSINDER

## What Is Religion About?

Sir,—The present correspondence is about the logical soundness of a particular argument used by Professor Macmurray. Antigone and the Burying Beetle are beside the point.

In his earlier letter, Professor Ritchie said that Professor Macmurray's argument could be summed up in the following syllogism:

All human beings are rational.  
All religious beings are human.

Hence,

All religious beings are rational.

I am not disputing that the premisses of this syllogism are true, and the conclusion valid. But I am saying three things: first, that, since the only possible meaning of 'rational' in this context is 'capable of reasoning', the conclusion is a truism; second, that the conclusion is not that which was drawn by Professor Macmurray; and third, that Professor Macmurray's conclusion—'religion is an expression of reason'—does not follow from the premisses.

Professor Ritchie proclaims *ex cathedra* that I am 'confused' and 'not much at home with syllogisms', then introduces a shoal of red herrings. He would have been more convincing if he had explained where the confusion lies.

Yours, etc.,  
Aberdeen MARGARET KNIGHT

## Life in Birmingham

Sir,—A thousand 'Brummies' will rush to the defence of Birmingham after the talk by Philip Sargant Florence about his experiences there, but oh! how right he is.

A few years ago I returned from South America to the town which had played such a large part in my young life, though I was mercifully not born there. It was March, and England was beautiful to one denied the fascination of changing seasons and the half-tones of a temperate climate. But Birmingham: buses crowded with pasty, sulky faces, huddled in thick clothes which actually smelled. Minds wrapped in impenetrable wrappers of post-war and post-puritan gloom. The half-civilised country which I had just left was preferable by far. At places like Lye and Quarry Bank, mere extensions of Birmingham, there are such horrors of ugliness, such stunted growth of mind and body, such mutilated and suffocated trees, that it is only by taking refuge in hypocrisy that people could suffer to live there at all. And what kind of original thought is possible in a prevailing atmosphere of dark grey?

Of course everyone rushes home at five. This black spot sits in the middle of the most lovely countryside in the world, and a shilling fare will renew the soul. Every evening for years I longed for the moment when my homeward bus should carry me over the brow of the hill into the heaven of Worcestershire.—Yours, etc.,

Rickmansworth J. CRELTON



## PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE

*'Tis fine Perique  
that makes Three Nuns  
so different*

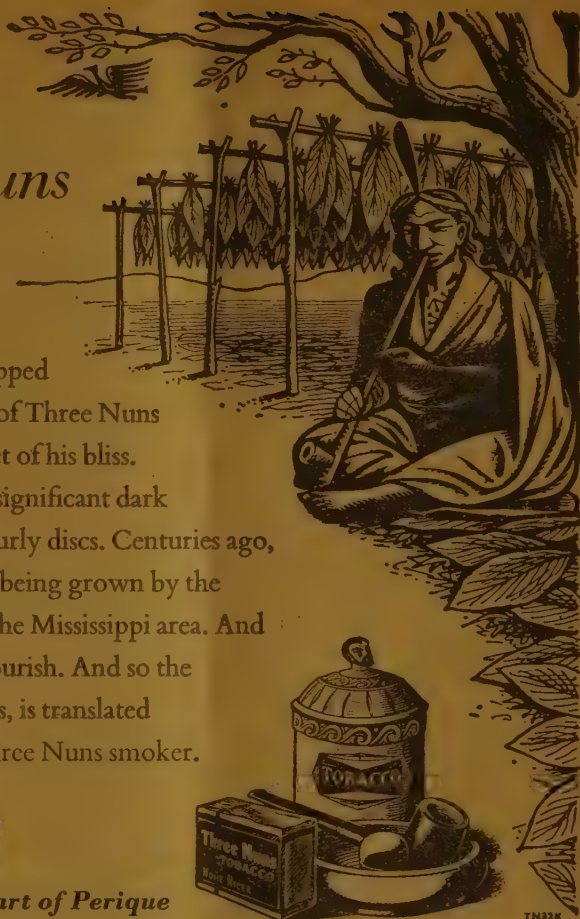


When your confirmed pipe-smoker is wrapped  
in lazy dreams and the drowsy comfort of Three Nuns  
Tobacco, he may not know the inner secret of his bliss.

'Tis the black heart of fine Perique in the small significant dark  
centres of those famous Three Nuns curly discs. Centuries ago,  
Perique (itself a rich and rare tobacco) was being grown by the  
Indians in a tiny, ten-mile plot of land in the Mississippi area. And  
only there does Perique, even today, truly flourish. And so the  
pipe of peace, smoked by the Indian Braves, is translated  
today to the peaceful pipe of the Three Nuns smoker.

**Three Nuns**

*with the black heart of Perique*



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## A Visit to August Strindberg

Sir,—The room which made such a deep impression on Mr. Gordon Craig (THE LISTENER, January 10) when he visited Strindberg in Stockholm in 1907 must be the one that has been lovingly reconstructed on an upper floor of the Nordiska Museum in that city. I think few tourists ever find it, which is a pity, for the reading lamp in an 'art-nouveau' style with a shade of stained glass would alone be worth climbing all those stairs to see.

It is, in fact, a rather morbid and frightening-looking room to us, though no doubt to Strindberg these elephantine pieces of furniture crowded so closely meant nothing more sinister than solid comfort. I should like to commend it to the attention of anyone thinking of staging a play by this great man. It will repay study.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

STEPHEN BONE

## The First Time I Played Hamlet

Sir,—In *Humphrey Clinker*, published in 1771, Smollett makes Miss Tabitha Bramble say to Quin the actor:

Mr. Gwynn . . . I was once vastly entertained with your playing the Ghost of Gimlet at Drury-lane, when you rose up through the stage, with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the frightful porcupine*. Do, pray, spout a little the Ghost of Gimlet.

This shows that the Gimlet joke is very old indeed, possibly as old as Shakespeare!

Yours, etc.,

London, W.11

JOAN HASSALL

Sir,—The letter from my colleague, Professor G. Tillotson, in THE LISTENER of January 10 reminds me that the first words of the Ghost's speech, 'I am thy father's spirit', as modified in what appears to be a parody of Shakespeare, would, if translated into very colloquial Afrikaans, and spoken with a suitable

intonation, sound something like: 'Omlet, Omlet, ek is jou pappa se spook'.

In the real Shakespeare the Ghost does not say 'Hamlet' here at all.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

E. H. WARMINGTON

## Children's Books

Sir,—The statement by Miss Bertha Lonsdale in 'The Northcountryman' (THE LISTENER, December 20) that Mr. Belch, the publisher of children's books in the early nineteenth century, also sold 'juvenile dramas' and tinsel pictures, is not supported by my researches. Although this attribution appears in a reputable history of children's books, I have never seen a toy theatre sheet or tinsel picture with Belch's name on it in the course of many years' investigation. A full list of the toy theatre publishers is given in my *Juvenile Drama: the History of the English Toy Theatre*, and Belch's name does not figure among them. The name is so English, and eloquent of the sturdy humour of its period, that I cast doubt upon this attribution with genuine regret.

Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey

GEORGE SPEAIGHT

## Nick and Scrat

Sir,—In his letter in THE LISTENER of January 10, Mr. G. E. O. Knight derives the name 'Bogie' (as another name for 'Old Nick') from 'Bogu', the Slavonic name of the Deity'. I am afraid, however, that the science of comparative philology lends no support whatever to the hypothesis. This 'Bogie' is clearly identical with our familiar 'bogy' or 'bogeyman', from which—if Mr. Knight means us to understand that the Swiss use the name, which I find surprising—it is evidently a loan. Relationships are obscure, but it appears fairly safe to assume a Celtic origin; Welsh has *bwg*, 'ghost', and Scots dialect *boggle*, i.e., 'goblin', 'spectre'. From this source also the Middle

English *bugge*, 'scarecrow', was probably taken. A kindred sense is seen in the later compound *bugbear*, as well as in the biblical and Spenserian use of *bug*; the specialised sense of this word is Modern English only (contrast the popular American usage).

On phonological grounds too abstruse to go into here, it can be shown that the group of words represented by the Old Slavonic *bogu* (Russian *bog*), Old Persian *baga*, 'god', Sanskrit *bhāgah*, 'lord and master', is totally unconnected with the above words. Further, and what is more interesting, we find underlying this eastern group an entirely different semantic idea, that of the provider of food, goods, wealth, etc.; compare the Greek *phagein*, 'eat', Slavonic *bogātu*, 'rich', Sanskrit *bhāgati*, 'he appor-tions', and similar cognates. An almost parallel development of meaning can be traced in the history of our words *lord* (originally 'keeper of the loaves') and *lady* (originally 'kneader of the loaves').—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3

A. A. ALLEN

## Mr. Pocock's Flying-carriage

Sir,—The last two sentences of Mrs. Dorothy Vinter's talk under this heading must have had the effect of an unexploded bomb on many innocent listeners. The Martha Pocock who was pictured as air-borne over the Avon Gorge at the tail of a kite survived the ordeal, married Dr. H. M. Grace, and became the mother of the greatest cricketing family England has ever known. If that string had snapped, the 'resist-less Graces'—Henry, Alfred, E.M., W.G., and G.F.—would never have been born. The thought that the mere possibility of W.G.'s existence once literally hung by a single thread is enough to send shivers down every cricketer's spine, but, as Martha made a happy landing, no one can ever again deny the infinite mercy of Providence.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

A. A. THOMSON

## Gardening

# Work in the Greenhouse

By F. H. STREETER

FROM now onwards every day brings its work, no matter whether it is under glass or in the open, or how large or small the garden is. Let us take the greenhouse first. I sometimes pity the man with a small greenhouse and a couple of frames—he is so keen that he tries the impossible. Shelves are rigged up along the centre and sides of the house under the stage, and even the path is filled so that it is difficult even to enter the house, let alone look after the inmates. It is far better to have fewer plants and try to grow them well.

First, let us take fuchsias and hydrangeas that are resting in pots. These are often put under the staging pot thick, the drip from the staging soaking them. They try to make weakly, sickly looking growths instead of having a thorough rest. These fuchsias and hydrangeas would be far happier in the shed, perfectly dry, up to the end of February; that is if the shed is dry and practically frost-proof.

The late-flowering chrysanthemums are practically finished, or they ought to be, because the bulbs are always anxiously awaited, once the turn of the year starts. Instead of trying to keep all the chrysanthemums, select several of the varieties you want for stock (no need to tell you always to pick out healthy plants), knock them out of the pots, reduce the ball of soil—they will make fresh roots—place them in a box,

covering the roots with soil, not too deep, and stand the boxes in the light at the coolish end of the house. Keep the soil moist, and in next to no time you will have plenty of good young chrysanthemum cuttings to start the new year.

When you throw out the plants that you do not want, take my tip and save the soil: put it through a fine riddle and store it in the dry, ready for some of the vegetable seeds—or even for pricking out seedlings later on.

I often wonder if that grand plant the double white primula is ever grown now. What a plant that was, for both the house and floral work. Nearly every garden had its batch of double white primula. But since primula obconica and malacoides have been so improved, it has been allowed to die out. Now both obconica and malacoides are opening their first flowers. Arrange them on inverted pots on the staging and water very carefully. I think these plants and cinerarias are better raised on inverted pots: the foliage comes down over the edge of the pots in which they are growing and the flower stems become stronger and longer.

Keep schizanthas on the shingle covering the staging and feed the roots well from now onward. How often you see in a small greenhouse four or five dozen schizanthus in five-inch pots all huddled together in one corner, most of them throwing up a spike of flower about the size of

a good needle—starved, and the leaves yellow, and very probably covered in mildew. Do not let your plants get like that. Pot them on into six- or seven-inch pots, put a three-foot bamboo to each plant, and run them straight up without pinching out the tips. Always pot them on before becoming pot-bound. Just try them like this, and I can almost fancy I hear you saying: 'I never thought schizanthus could make such a beautiful plant'.

Your young cyclamens should be ready for pricking out the second time now. It is better to use boxes again, for the sake of watering, which is so much easier in a box than in small pots, especially for anyone away from home all day. Place twenty in a box and use light, sandy soil. I think a light dusting with a soil fumigant is helpful, especially if those little white grubs ate all the roots last year. Always be on the safe side. Keep these young seedling cyclamen well up to the glass at the warmest end of the house and spray the foliage daily.

Here are a few reminders: Bring along your bulbs in pots in batches, just enough to keep up a regular supply. Feed the arum lilies with manure and soot-water. Watch them for attacks of green fly, and fumigate immediately you see any. Get your perpetual carnations rooted as soon as the cuttings are ready. Do not forget to stake and feed your freesias.—*Home Service*



# NEWS DIARY

January 9-15

## Wednesday, January 9

Sir Anthony Eden resigns as Prime Minister. A medical bulletin signed by his doctors says that there has been a recurrence of symptoms which give cause for much concern.

The Aden Government claims that troops from the Yemen have violated its frontiers and attacked villages.

M. Mollet reads a statement of the French Government's intentions towards Algeria.

## Thursday, January 10

H.M. the Queen appoints Mr. Harold Macmillan as Prime Minister in succession to Sir Anthony Eden.

President Eisenhower appears in person before Congress to deliver his State of the Union message.

At a delegate meeting in York engineering employees demand a ten per cent. wage increase.

## Friday, January 11

Sir Anthony Eden resigns his seat as M.P. for Warwick and Leamington.

Labour Party Shadow Cabinet discusses constitutional implications of the change of Prime Minister.

Secretary-General of the United Nations publishes his report on the clearance of the Suez Canal.

## Saturday, January 12

Middle East headquarters in Cyprus publish an account of the recent clashes along the Yemen-Aden border.

Thirty-six men are arrested by the police in Northern Ireland in connection with recent outrages.

Negro leaders in the United States appeal to the President and Vice-President to visit the South to help fight racial segregation.

## Sunday, January 13

H.M. the Queen approves Mr. Macmillan's new Cabinet.

Mr. Nehru opens the world's longest river dam in India.

Death of A. E. Coppard, short-story writer and poet.

## Monday, January 14

It is announced that Mr. Peter Thorneycroft has been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. R. A. Butler Home Secretary in Mr. Macmillan's new Cabinet. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd remains Foreign Secretary.

U.N. General Assembly discusses American disarmament proposals.

## Tuesday, January 15

Mr. Macmillan presides over first meeting of his Cabinet.

Talks on proposed European 'common market' open in London.

Israelis evacuate capital of Sinai peninsula.



Mr. Harold Macmillan, who has succeeded Sir Anthony Eden as Prime Minister. Left: Sir Anthony leaving Downing Street for Buckingham Palace on January 9 to tender his resignation, because of ill-health, to the Queen.



The Penard cliffs of the Gower Peninsula, Glamorganshire. Last week the Minister of Housing and Local Government confirmed an order—the first of its kind—establishing the peninsula as 'an area of outstanding natural beauty'. The preservation of the landscape in this area will be the special responsibility of the local planning authorities.

Right: 'Zulu Dance', a painting by a thirteen-year-old boy in South Africa, from an exhibition of children's art from the Commonwealth now at the Imperial Institute, London.



The three-mile-long dam in India, which was opened on Sunday. It is the longest in the world.







A south-bound convoy of thirteen ships which had been trapped in the Suez Canal since the end of October, was turned round last week and was able to sail out of the Canal by the channel cleared by the salvage team: one of the ships, a Liberian tanker, heading out to sea from Port Said



Mr. Charles Malik, the Lebanese Foreign Minister, arriving at London Airport last Sunday. He had talks with the Prime Minister before leaving for the United States the next day



Dam on the Mahanadi River in Orissa, Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister, last river dam in the world (see page 93)



Sir Cecil Graves, a former joint Director-General of the B.B.C., who died on January 12, aged sixty-four. He began his broadcasting career in 1926 and, as Director of the Empire Service, played a great part in the development of the B.B.C. Overseas Services in the early nineteen-thirties. He became joint Director-General with Mr. Robert Foot in 1942 but retired for reasons of health in the following year



A prize-winning gold-mantled parakeet in the National Exhibition of Cage Birds at Olympia last week



Members of the London branch of the English Folk Dance and Song Society rehearsing for the Folk Dance Festival held at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on January 11



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## Travel Books

## Pleasures of Travel

By ROSE MACAULAY

**A**CCORDING to the tradition of the Prophet', wrote Evliya Efendi in the seventeenth century, 'a journey is a fragment of hell'. Nevertheless, so desirous was he of seeing the world that he 'formed a design of travelling over the whole earth', and actually did quite a bit of this, with a great deal of enjoyment; the journeys themselves may have been hell, but the places he arrived at were more like paradise. There is a great gulf fixed between those who take pleasure in the actual journeying, and those who endure this grimly for the sake of arriving. The first category will do wisely if they travel in a ship, in a post-chaise, on their own feet, or mounted on some kind of tedious animal, for they will thus be a long time getting there. The second had better speed by air, in a train, or in a very rapid car.

## The Outer and the Inner Warmth

But where do we want to get, and why? What do we seek, what have people always sought when they have left home and embarked on their enchanting errors over earth and ocean? First, I suppose, change, difference, otherness, that alien otherness which for ever seeks some new thing, desiring to be where one is not. The seducing pull of the exotic has us in thrall; we seek a country. 'Let us', that travel-minded Jacobean Mr. Thomas Coryat exhorted us, 'propose before our eyes that most beautiful theatre of the universe, let us behold whatever is abroad in the world, let us look into provinces, see cities, run over kingdoms and empires'. If we do not, he threatens, we shall become rude, slothful, uncivil, outrageous, foolish, barbarous, puffed up with admiration of ourselves, effeminate, given to sleep, banquetings, idleness and dice. Away then we must go, into the delicious pleasure-park of Abroad.

The English race has always been peculiarly addicted to this practice, perhaps because it is not very nice in England, owing to the disagreeable climate. We make ourselves snug nests against this, digging ourselves in with easy chairs, soft beds, blazing fires, a great deal of food and drink, dice, darts, radio sets, plays, cinemas, books, friends, and animal pets. But we cannot escape from the weather, and ever and anon we push off from our native land and seek another. Abroad, we think, the sun will shine in summer, the seas will be blue and warm, ancient buildings will stand in noble ruins, or else intact, among noble mountains or lovely cities, *cafés* will encircle gay squares, and in them delicious food will be deliciously cooked and consumed. For this is one of the great travel-pleasures, the consuming of delicious food and drink. The English are even more devoted to good food than are most races, but they do not themselves cook it well, for cooking is not one of their national crafts, and, being by nature slothful, they shrink from so laborious and skilled an art, with all the care and toil involved. We prefer to eat abroad, letting the patient and hard-working foreigners take the trouble for us.

## Fabled Shores

Climate, then, and food: after the great Otherness, these are perhaps our chief seductions. There are also Sights, both artifact and natural; some prefer one, some the other. Some will chase after palaces and churches, temples and castles, houses, loggias, spires and towers, the glow of paint on canvas and on walls, the delicate carving of marble, ivory and bronze, the pillared portico, the Roman colonnade, the Greek temple, the Romanesque church with the baroque façade, the Renaissance palace lapped with green canals or standing, delicate and proud, in some great fountained garden or square. Others will only be perfectly happy in Scenery; they desire mountains, valleys, oceans, islands, forests, rivers and lakes, and, had man never set brush to paper or chisel to stone, they would still be in paradise among these. Dr. Johnson said that the chief object of travel was to see the shores of the Mediterranean, and so many travellers have agreed with him that these shores are now by no means what they were, they are over-peopled, they are often vulgar, like our own, as full of noise, and almost as full of British. Still, it is the Mediterranean; and strewn like jewels along

its shores lie wrecked Greece and Rome, drowned Phoenicia and Iberia, Africa, Ionia, Palestine and Egypt, and the deep ancient mysteries of Asia Minor. All this—that is to say, the heart, soul, and mind of history, pressing on us that old wrecked vision, those ancient and eloquent ghosts of time, without which we should not be. Islands too; and tideless seas, in which we swim warily among basking sharks and the dreams of drowned palaces atavistically in our souls, but rarely do we encounter a drowned palace, more rarely a basking shark. But the Mediterranean has style; the Mediterranean is a legend, the eternal murmur of enchanted tales, the witching foster-mother to all aliens, so familiar that the grey seas that beat against our homeland seem strange, remote and without meaning, merely a pile of cold grey swirling water, menacing and unkind.

Travel beyond the Mediterranean; unkindness begins again. Sharks, desert islands, Caribbean swamps and alligators, the endless Pacific with its compulsive, destroying currents, soupy shallows off Singapore, great storms off Cape Horn. Travel all these seas and lands if you must; unkind they are, but more exciting than one can guess even from Captain Cook. No comfort, no peace, great pleasure. Better, when you leave the Mediterranean and its ghosts, travel inland to the Euxine, the Black Sea ports, get hold of some Argo and some Argonauts who will sail leisurely along that coast, putting in at all the ancient Greek harbour towns, searching for the remains of Heraclea, Sinope, Amisus, Cerasus, Trapesus and the rest. You will meet Xenophon's Ten Thousand at the mouth of the Pyxitis, chewing azaleas and going mad. But you will not reach the Golden Fleece, for Colchis is out of bounds, and guarded still by dragons. Leave the Euxine then, and turn inland to the mountains and lakes of Armenia; these too are alien and other and most strange and rare, and very far from home. So is the whole of Asia Minor, until you cross it to the Mediterranean shores once more: journey along them, through the Greek and Roman colonies, and through our western history books, but they harbour now an alien people, as if temporarily perched like birds in transit, who will surely one day take flight inland, for they do not belong to the sea, nor the sea to them.

## Pleasant Diversity of Mankind

And so down this matchless coast into Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, or Palestine, all the boding, history-heavy, untroubled Levant; it is anyone's guess who will be perching there half a century from now. Perhaps the Dukes of Edom will be back in Petra, shooting at the Children of Israel from their high rocks; perhaps the Arabian caravans will be jingling their camel bells in Palmyra once more, on the caravan route from the Red Sea to Persia. Perhaps the flags flying from crusaders' castles will bear hammers and sickles, perhaps stars and stripes.

These speculations bring us to another travel-pleasure; the Natives. Partly we go abroad to find these enchanting aliens, so different from us. It is sometimes foolishly said, 'People all over the world are much like each other', and this is held for praise. Were it true, we should be one important travel-pleasure short, and going abroad would be a great deal duller. But do not be afraid; except for a few essentials, we are not at all like one another. Natives are most engagingly themselves. As Desdemona loved to hear, we are liable to meet abroad the Anthropophagi that each other eat, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders; more frequently, and more fortunately, we are cast among the clever, talkative and avaricious French, the affable, beautiful and not under-sexed Italians, the proud oriental Spanish, the musical romantic Germans, the quick wily Greeks, the solemn Turks, the merry and simple Portuguese, the masterful Scotch, the secretive, lilting Welsh, the pleasant, resenting Irish, the smiling Africans, the caste-conscious Indians, the redundant, submissive Russians, the fiery Poles, and a host of others of all temperaments and all colours. We can take our choice; they are poor linguists, but we shall get on and like each other, though not with the romantic devotion which we feel for their strange and lovely backgrounds, for it is these that haunt us like a passion, and send us continually on our troublesome and extravagant peregrinations to enjoy and possess them.



## Time and Thyme Again: the English Scene

YOU CANNOT TRAVEL FAR in the English countryside without finding something unexpected and beautiful. It may be no more than a bend in a road with a stand of trees in its elbow, and a brook, with the wild musk growing, on the lower side; or a noble piece of moorland, walled to keep the heather, gorse and bracken within their bounds, or the sudden view of an ideal village such as the Cornish Riviera express throws at you as it passes near Bruton in Somerset. You never have to go far to find the unexpected and beautiful, so long as you are in a receptive mood. If you are not, you may travel many days and live all the time in a dull wilderness.

The country is small, of course, and has no immense valleys or great heights in it. Yet if you rise early in Patterdale, for instance, and go out before breakfast in the cold shadow, and get a view of Striding Edge and Helvellyn, they will speak awfully to you. Size alone does not create beauty. Natural scenery untouched by man remains a wilderness. Even Thoreau civilised his wilderness in order to enjoy it. 'I went to the woods', he said, 'in order to live deliberately'. It is the centuries of living deliberately which have given the English scene its stamp of beauty.

For the whole of our landscape is a deliberate composition. In its industrial parts it can be atrocious. But in those parts whose life has been less brutally interrupted by wars, industrial revolutions, and wasteful fluctuations of industries and trades, it has achieved serenity and poetic order which are beyond the skill of ordinary planning. I mean, you may plan and build a fine village like Kielder, in Northumberland, and that is well done, but more is needed to make the beauty which one can find in thousands of villages and hamlets all over the country. It takes hundreds of years to make it. Time is necessary, but it is not time alone that does it. Time must be ignored. Someone plants a tree, or founds a church, or builds a wall. The open field is enclosed. New ground is broken for the plough. Even the contour of the ground is changed in order to make tillage easier. A windbreak is needed to shelter sheep. A track must be made for pack animals over the moor. Later generations will change the landscape or the aspect of the village again. What once seemed good and useful will seem so no more, and may fade and disappear. It is this unity of acceptance and change that creates the rural landscape we know, and makes one hope that the foolish and ugly things must necessarily disappear in the process of erosion and deposit. Many of the worst are the works of our own time. We destroy without sufficient thought, and we build ugly and vulgar shop-fronts, untidy filling stations, mean houses, bleak public offices. There is plenty for complaint, but there is a great deal more to admire.

I have been looking this Christmas at some fine books upon English landscape and building and English rural life—appreciative, not grumbling books—and I have reprimanded myself for blindness as I read them and looked at the pictures. One of them is indeed almost an accusation; for I find in *A Portrait of English Churches* (Batsford, 30s.), photographed by A. F. Kersting, with a text by Edmund Vale, my own present parish church, St. Levan in Cornwall, seen from a position I have never sought. Again, though I have walked frequently and lovingly in the Pennines, when I look at the compendious work on *The Yorkshire*

*Dales* by Marie Hartley and Joan Ingilby (Dent, 21s.) I realise with some annoyance that I do not always identify the pictures at sight, good though they are, and certainly could not muster a tenth of the agreeable information the book presents.

It was this book that made me speculate again upon the character of stone villages, and I went over the 'town field' as it is still called, to look down upon a neighbouring granite hamlet, which, though I am in Cornwall, always looks so Welsh to me (no doubt because of the Methodist chapel) that I was developing a theory upon the relation between stone building and Nonconformity. But, thinking of the depressed stone cottages of Inverness (which are so very Irish) and the stone cottages of Kirkcudbrightshire, squashed down under their roofs, and the self-

conscious, rather smug stone of the Cotswold villages, I abandoned my theory, and decided to enjoy the view instead. Hang thought, and enjoy! Which is what Mr. Adrian Bell does so well in *A Suffolk Harvest* (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.). All villages are different. They share English or British characteristics; but they are all different. I recall the white-washed cottages of the Vale of Pewsey which are not closely assembled, but scattered closer to their work, and held down, in perpetuity, it seems, by their heavy thatch. Robert Byron's *Shell Guide to Wiltshire* has just been revised by David Verey (Faber, 12s. 6d.) and reminds me of many good things I have known there—the wonderful wind and expanse of the bare downs,

and the ride over Manton Down on a hack from Marlborough, the discovery in Devizes of a brass plate engraved with a pointing hand and the legend—'Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's Office'—directing me, as I stared, to enter and see one of the classic masters of the chase, long since departed.

It doesn't matter what you see, so long as you find it, but you must indeed see it for yourself. No book, of whatever kind of skill can do it for you. I have an inclination to say that Mr. John Hadfield's new anthology *A Book of Britain* (Hulton Press, 21s.) pleases me even more than the other books I have mentioned, because, if it can be said to guide at all, it guides indirectly. He chooses admirable pictures—Cotman, Steer, Wilson, Lowry, Frith, for example, and confronts them with imaginative prose or poetry. It would be most satisfactory if we could all see with the appetite the painters and writers have enjoyed; if we could take in our landscape, our village, as deeply and serenely as they. If we want really to enjoy we must, so to speak, abandon the motor, which travels like the tram in the limerick, in 'predestinate grooves'; we must ignore time; we must lean on the gate, wander round the village, turn into the inn, walk upon the cliff, and taste the fragrance of that other thyme which cares only about the seasons, the weather, and the freshness of the air.

DONALD BOYD

Two other recent publications of use to those who are spending their holidays at home are *Ancient Monuments Open to the Public*, with a foreword by P. Buchan-Hepburn; and *English Gardens Open to the Public*, by A. G. L. Hellyer (both Country Life, 7s. 6d. and 30s. respectively).



St. Levan Church, Cornwall, with its fourteenth-century tower, from the south

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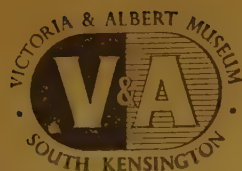
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# Ireland Is Her People

THE FLOW COMES thin and seldom: it is disappointing to find that no exciting or provoking book on the land or its people has lately appeared from Ireland, though I have listed three books below which ably reveal different facets of its character. But in the Irish language there is no word for 'disappointment' just as in the Ulster speech there is no word for 'surrender'. 'Suppose', said a linguistic friend of mine to an old native speaker who had uncommonly good Irish, 'suppose you had arranged to meet a man in a pub, and he didn't turn up, how would you feel about it?' 'I would have great anger on me'. 'No, no', said my friend hastily, 'let's put it that you were just hoping to see him, and he didn't come, what would you say?' 'I would say how it might be just as well that he didn't come'.

If no one pertinent book has turned up there is no need for disappointment. Today the fount and head of good writing in Ireland—good talk—bubbles up as readily and richly as ever. Too readily, perhaps. Carême, the French chef, gave it as his opinion that architecture was merely another form of *pâtisserie*: and the writer in Ireland may too conveniently be persuaded that literature is merely an extension of talk. Yet the obstacles to writing there are not negligible. For one thing, I know few English-speaking writers who so consistently exercise their craft against such economic odds as those who remain in Ireland. It is an old story. Swift, Burke, Shaw, Yeats, Joyce—each left Dublin, penniless, at the discretionary age of twenty-one, joining that long and backward-looking throng of exiles whose far-flung descendants today buy the evergreen ribbon of evocative books about Ireland. From the eighteen-forties to the nineteen-twenties over 5,750,000 people left Ireland for America and Australia. The past five years has seen the exodus of some 200,000 more.

Looking at the fine landscape photographs in most Irish travel books I no longer wonder or complain at the virtual absence of people—as if the photographer had carefully sten-gunned everyone in sight. Yet the visitor to Ireland soon notes that nowhere are people more vitally a part of the landscape, and no people clings longer or more passionately to its songs, its folklore, and its little fields

Where every field-stone's been handled  
Ten thousand times

'Who knows', said the Aran islander, looking lovingly at his bare, unbreakable acre of limestone rock, 'but there might be an earthquake some day, and the place could be worth its weight in gold'. 'Oh, Henry', said his Aunt Mary to Ford, as he toured her round his proud factory at Baton Rouge, 'we were never so happy as in County Clare'.

Ireland is her people. The peripheral island with its megalithic memory, its paradoxical mind, its stepped-up speech, its stopped clocks, its drums and drams and dreams, its air-pockets of unresistance, has a long-away and far-ago attraction for the flying traveller from busy industrialised regions. Indeed the happiest working weeks I ever spent were spent in Aran, in winter, without benefit of post, telephone, or newspaper; so that, to go from that bright austere island to warm Galway city was like going back to a wiser and sadder world. To leave Galway, in turn, for Dublin was like preparing reluctantly to take on the worries of the modern age. Yet finally to leave Dublin for London was like saying farewell to a leisurely eighteenth century: I feel rather the same way about leaving my native Belfast which, despite its heavy concentration of industry, remains the most countrified industrial city in western Europe.

But 'romantic Ireland's dead and gone'. At least, it is going, if the steady drift of population to the towns, the slow rise of the middle class, the new efforts at industrialisation, the flow of emigration, mean anything. Soon—to change Mr. Butler's credit-squeeze phrase—we may have to forego our rare peasant and our rich old fort. It would be unfair not to point out that, north and south, much has been done for the economic betterment of the country. But it remains to be seen whether the wound of emigration can be stanchied. Meanwhile, though the way to prosperity may be long, the people, like Gobit, shorten the road, not by lengthening the stride, but by telling a story. 'It's a sad thing to be poor', say the English. 'It's a poor thing to be sad', say the Irish. Lately, revisiting a working-class home in Dublin, I found that four out of five of its sons had gone to England, but the young women were merrily hitting the kitchen floor in a dance. 'If you can't get rid of the family skeleton', said G.B.S., 'you can at least make it dance'. 'If I can't be long in the leg', said the Irish poet and story-

teller, James Stephens, 'I'll be long in the verb'. Which doubtless is why Ireland is still a good place for talkers and writers. For there is no word in Irish for 'disappointment': there is merely an approximate word which means 'lack of victory'.

W. R. RODGERS

Recent publications on Irish history, life, and travel: *The Story of Ireland*, by Brian Inglis (Faber, 16s.); *Erin's Orange Lily*, by Sam Hanna Bell (Dobson, 12s. 6d.); *All Ireland*, by Stephen Rynne (Batsford, 21s.).

## Scotland: Much in Little

FOR THE TRAVELLER Scotland has the immense advantage of great diversity in little space. Once there the journeys are short. Some may be slow, but nobody with an eye for the exquisite would have them speedy. From Inverness to the far corners of the Pentland Firth is no lightning expedition, either by road or rail. But to rush across that noble wilderness would be folly, even were the going easy. The fabric of sea and firth and moorland is woven with the most rapid and rewarding alterations of tint and texture. Wherever you turn, north or south, Scotland is Nature's theatre of varieties. The fleecy Lowlands undulate in a peaceful rhythm that invites repose: here and there is the rock of a considerable mountain, but mostly there is the roll of sheep-rich fells. The Highlands, vertical and challenging, are Scotland combative, with peaks that stab the sky. In one the shepherd's crook is the rich landscape's symbol; in the other, the dirk and claymore are the tokens of a fierce terrain. Another and a constant contributor is the sea; how many could guess correctly the number of islands round the Scottish coast? The answer is 787.

There is only one boring journey, that in the centre and across the smutched and scarred industrial landscape from Edinburgh and Glasgow, and this is only an hour's matter. The rest is a continual bounty of vicissitude, for the works of man have been as notably different in mood and style as was the shaping of the countryside. In the capital, that compact of contrasts, there is a total change of history and spectacle within a few minutes' walk. In the Old Town of Edinburgh the dread of a false neighbour and the ghosts of medieval massacre seem to linger darkly in streets that are deep stone canyons and around mansions that were as much fortresses as homes. In the New Town is the pacific self-confidence of the eighteenth century, with space and air and with the serenely solid Georgian houses built for hospitality and reason's feast. The spacious lay-out suggests a life open and continuing, whereas the narrow wynds round the Castle Rock still have a smack of secrecy and fear and sudden death. Edinburgh has its two beauties, of the stark and the sunlit, and rarely has man so well accommodated his art of building to Nature's own haphazard architecture of rocks and ravines.

The two great cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh are notable examples of different functions finding different forms. Glasgow, as Mr. J. M. Reid says in his brief history of the town (Batsford, 25s.), excellent in illustration as in writing, arose almost by chance round a cathedral; then, nourished by the commerce of the river and the coming of the shipyards, mills and factories, spread vastly, but not without style. Its urban hills offer many a 'neat vista', and its prosperous architecture of crescent and terrace has an elegance of its own. Moreover, in both cities there is the quick-change act of Scottish variety. Glasgow is the capital of the Southern Highlands with Loch Lomond at the end of a bus-ride and Glen Coe itself an easy day-trip by coach or car. From Edinburgh to the Tweed, from Scott Memorial to Scott Country, is also a short excursion. Here one moves through a civil countryside where are many superb examples of the classic country-house—as well as of the ruined abbeys and castles where once the Border wars spread their recurring devastations.

To the quality of building Mr. George Scott-Moncrieff has given a shrewd eye and paid a well-phrased tribute. His book *Scotland's Dowry* (Richard Paterson, 10s. 6d.) is a record of the rescue-work carried out by the Scottish National Trust for the saving of fine architecture and also of notable gardens. Of handy pocketable size, it will be most useful to the tourist who likes a literate and lively guide. Too frequent iteration of 'Caledonia stern and wild' has blinded people to the other Caledonia, trim and floral, which offers no less an attraction to the visitor than does the dead vast of the treeless 'forests' of the infertile north. In *Colourful Scotland* (Oliver and Boyd, 15s.) Mr. W. S. Thomson, a master of colour-photography, has rightly included



the smooth lawns with his prickly and peak-studded scenes, his snow-scapes and his relish of the loch as mirror to surrounding splendour.

Nor does the north possess only the nobility of its solitude: on its mild Atlantic coast, where there is shelter from the violence of the wind, there can be horticulture at its highest. No traveller who takes the nor'-westerly trail should miss the flowered splendours of Poolewe, now a Trust property and therefore enjoyable by all. The Highlands, once so private, have largely become a public benefit, and the wayfarer is no longer an interloper, suspect of spoiling sport.

But it is mainly to the summits where the snow lingers and to the isles that lace the sea that Mr. Thomson has devoted his notable craft of the camera—and also his notable patience. To discover Scotland in full colour he had to wait upon the weather and so must the tourist. The latter can only be assured that when the mists rise and the infinite sky breaks open he enters at a flash the Caledonia whose greys are suddenly transmuted into a brilliancy of hue that he would expect to find only by a trip to southern Europe or the East. The theatre of varieties has always its sudden, panoramic possibilities.

IVOR BROWN

## Sailing Books

HOMO SAPIENS makes his strongest claim to sanity by some of the crazy things he does. In the age of the carburettor and the jet, the *Queen Elizabeth* and the sports car, they must be mad who go about in small boats, trusting to old-fashioned sails and the capricious wind. One might as well send signals to Devonshire by semaphore or bonfire. But, thank God, this wholesome breed of lunatics is increasing on all our coasts and rivers. In London, even, at Hammersmith and Putney, they not merely sail their dinghies through the year, but race them every winter weekend and cheerfully capsize in January waters. They might be whizzing down to Brighton or cuddling in a cinema, or goggling in the dark at Liberace. But they prefer, these rebels against easy pleasure, not all of them young, to travel painfully from Hammersmith to Barnes, and back, in a south-westerly gale. They revel toughly in cold and wet and the chance of drowning, and proudly, of course, in the performance of their boats and their own antique but ever-growing skill.

Of the same school, but in the top class, are the Higher Masochists, the Ocean-Racers. These are they who choose the worst storms of the summer in which to race to France—or worse, the Fastnet—and back, without even the comfort of a short stay in foreign parts. Splendidly rational, by comparison, are the Cruisers, and almost rational the Ocean-Crossers: for these at least have the excuse that they are using wind and water for the practical purpose of getting from one place to another in the cheapest way. Besides, unlike all other travellers, except the gypsy, the tortoise, and the snail, they carry their homes with them. They can laugh at the liner on the way over and at the hotel when they are there. This is a cardinal point, sometimes forgotten. You might, I suppose, ride round the world on a horse; but most evenings you would have to find the horse a stable and yourself a bed. I swear that no one would bother to sail across the ocean on those terms.

These heroes rarely pretend that they have much fun on passage. The days on which they are not in fear as well as dire fatigue, when wind and sea and sun are all reasonably friendly, and they are not suffering from hunger, thirst, stomach, or sores, are recorded gratefully,



Mountains of Wester Ross provide a background for semi-tropical plants in the garden of Inverewe  
From 'Scotland's Doury'

as rare as Saints' Days. It is the landfalls and the days in harbour that shine, when their tiny home, after all the tossing and terror, lies safe and still at last, an honoured guest in some strange land. The motor-boat comes out from the Yacht Club, there are eager hosts, hot baths and hero-worship: but they always go back, I notice, to their own little ship to sleep. For it is such a wonder to be able to sleep in a bed that yesterday was standing on its head, to be free of night-watches and the ocean's awful din. The next adventure may be the Panama Canal, and then the Pacific Ocean: but they can wait. We

may stay here indefinitely, enjoy the even keel, see the sights and write a book. We may even cut out the silly Pacific and go home by Bermuda. The incomparable Captain Slocum, after all, having crossed the Atlantic alone and had his fill of safety and feasting, left Gibraltar with the fixed intention to sail round the world 'East-about'—by way of Suez. But, meeting pirates in the Straits, he decided to go round the world the other way—and did. Such is the splendid independence of the man who travels under sail, without appointments or obligations, and carries his home on his back.

Slocum! I stop, and I salute, as all these glorious imbeciles must, in awe—Slocum, who sailed like Drake and wrote (here and there) like Robert Louis Stevenson—Slocum, the first man to circumnavigate the world, under sail, alone! And then, dear madman, he put to sea once more—and was never heard of again. No one, I am sure, will ever push Captain Slocum from my pedestal. But he has some very formidable rivals. Nearly always—another sign of their sanity—these lunatic travels can father a book, which pays for the whole affair—or helps, at least, to finance the next. Nearly always, for me, at least, it is a good book: it must be—like any reasonably well-handled story of escape from Germany. There are now almost as many Ocean-Crossers as there are Channel-swimmers. I care no more who swims the Channel, there and back, how often. But I fall for the Cruisers and the Ocean-Crossers every time: and, as in a pantomime, I like a kind of pattern to be repeated. In my ideal pattern, the married couple prevails. They should be poor or, at least, not rich. There must be much anxious discussion about paying the bills as they watch, and assist in, the building of their boat. Slocum, you remember, was so broke that he could not afford a chronometer. The Davidsons, that tragic pair, fled to sea from their finances: and three-quarters of *Last Voyage* (Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.) is taken up with thwarted preparations for the brief but terrible adventure at the end.

Mr. Eric Hiscock and his wife comply with my pattern in many ways. In three years they splendidly circled the globe in an eight-ton cruiser—two tons fewer, I fancy, than Captain Slocum's *Spray*. Bravo! But I do not agree with the publishers when they recommend *Around the World in Wanderer III* (Oxford, 25s.) as a story 'in which technicalities are kept in the background'. Some of us like a lot of 'technicalities', and the rest, who only want the traveller's gossip, can skip. I have long complained of the reticence of the heroes about the business of navigation. They seldom tell us what books, or even what methods, they employed. 'Took a sight', they say. 'Position so-and-so', as if they were on the bridge of the *Queen Elizabeth*. Mr. Hiscock, at least (on page fifty-eight) vividly describes the practical difficulties of taking an accurate sight in a small ship and a big sea.

Talking of navigation, I have long wanted a history of the mariner's tools, what instruments had Cook that Columbus hadn't got, and so on. Professor E. G. R. Taylor's *The Haven Finding Art* (Hollis and Carter, 30s.) looks just the job, though I have not finished it yet.

But you do not have to cross an ocean for interest or adventure.



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You can get, as I know well, all the toil and trouble you want on the waterways of England (and yes, I mean England, not Britain). Here, last but not least, is John (with Sally) Seymour *Sailing Through England* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s). They took their little boat (and baby) from Hammersmith to Portsmouth, from Portsmouth to the Wash, in and out of mighty tideways like the Trent and the Humber, and across the Pennines by that wondrous but neglected canal, to Liverpool and the Mersey. John Seymour is a 'good mixer', and a writer with an eye for character and beauty. His wife has done some charming illustrations. Together they discovered much of England which is quite unknown to you and me. Bravo again!

Sail on, brave mariners of Hammersmith: you may be learning to cross the Atlantic.

A. P. HERBERT

## Mountain Travel

LATER THIS YEAR the Alpine Club celebrates its hundredth birthday, and the Ladies Alpine Club its fiftieth. It is hard for their modern members to realise, as the evening train debouches its daily summer quota of tourists and climbers on to Zermatt's single street, that less than a hundred years ago the Matterhorn was still unclimbed; fantastic, as another party of trousered, hatless women sets off from Chamonix, now, except for the view, indistinguishable from Brighton, that fifty years ago only a handful of women defied convention by climbing mountains—and in long heavy skirts at that. Mountaineering, although still an esoteric sport, is now popular among both sexes, all classes and many nations. Those who can, go far afield, those who can't, go to the Alps, to Scotland, Lakeland, Wales, or to Kent's Harrison Rocks, if only for a few hours. Mountaineering has even become part of the curriculum—voluntary, so far.

There are many reasons to account for it; increasing resentment against the materialism and hypocrisy of modern civilisation, a desire to live, temporarily at least, with all the senses, spiritual and physical, fully extended, and to enjoy rewards that are largely insubstantial, hard to explain to the uninitiated, but very real. Developments over this period of time are well illustrated in the mountaineering memoirs of Miriam Underhill, *Give Me the Hills* (Methuen, 25s.). Mrs. Underhill is one of the best women climbers of her generation. She has climbed with guides and without, she has made first ascents, she has done the Matterhorn Swiss *arête* and the Grépon not only guideless but manless. Other women have since made brilliant *cordée féminine* ascents, but, having proved their point, seem to prefer not to stick to it. With her husband Mrs. Underhill subsequently explored many ranges in Idaho and Montana where there are as yet no tourists' aids, and the actual ascent of a summit is among the least of the activities called for from the climber.

This type of expedition, and its opposite, the climbing of ever steeper and smoother rock faces, are now attracting the more adventurous. They are a natural result of the development of guideless climbing, and the imaginative impulse provided by the pioneering work of various spon-

sored and private expeditions in the Himalayas between the wars. History, after almost exactly a hundred years, is repeating itself in a larger field. The Himalayas, and to a lesser extent the Andes, look like becoming the future 'Playground of Europe'. In the last few years several of the highest summits in the world have been climbed after many pre-war years of endeavour, and the ambition of most mountaineers now is to save up for a once-in-a-lifetime visit to regions where virgin summits abound and tourists do not.

A notable recent small-scale expedition is described in *Tents in the Clouds*, by Monica Jackson and Elizabeth Stark (Collins, 18s.) who, with Evelyn Camrass, explored part of the Jugal Himal in Nepal in 1955 and climbed a hitherto unnamed peak of 22,000 feet. This was the first all-women's Himalayan expedition—there has been another since—well planned, well-carried out, and above all, enjoyed. Moreover, these three proved that reasonable women can handle Sherpas with mutually appreciated gaiety and sense.

It is amusing to speculate what the pioneers of the Alpine Club would have said about the project of this expedition had the idea ever occurred to them that such a thing was possible. Many of their portraits appear in *A Picture History of Mountaineering* by R. W. Clark (Hulton Press, 30s.) which gives a panorama of development from individual eccentricity to the modern techniques and achievements of the comparatively many. Looking at them, beards, bustles, and beer, they seem so much further away than a mere century or so, so far away that the idea of our grandchildren subscribing to the first Lunar alpine expedition

a hundred years hence no longer seems just moonshine.

It is likely, however, that the majority, whose holidays and purses are limited, will continue to patronise the nearer alpine resorts. After all, every mountain is potentially somebody's first adventure; every district and every season has its own particular quality of beauty. One can be as remote, as frightened, as exalted in the Cuillins as in the Dolomites, the Cairngorms can be as alpine in January as the great snowfields of the Oberland.

Although one can travel safely and enjoyably enough along prepared paths, admiring views at pre-selected places, knowledge, for the full enjoyment of mountaineering, is essential. A useful text-book for beginners, with excellent illustrations and diagrams, and instructive biographical asides, is *On Climbing* by Charles Evans (Museum Press, 30s.). It does not quite take the place of G. Winthrop Young's *Mountain Craft*, but for the modern young climber it is a necessary sequel. In serious mountaineering the penalties of ignorance are as catastrophic as the rewards of skill are superb.

To the true mountaineer ski-ing is a sideline, though a very enjoyable one. Its popularity, however, has added to the roads and the spiders' webs of wire ropes and little chairs that are now superimposed on so many of the high valleys of Switzerland and Austria, and horrify those who remember peace and unscrambled views. But

the good ski-er who is also a mountaineer can still escape to the unspoiled solitudes of the winter hills. There are still the high level routes. That from Chamonix to Saas Fee is described by Robin Fedden in *Alpine Ski Tour* (Putnam, 30s.). With its beautiful photographs this book should be chained to the receptionists' desks at all overheated winter sports hotels as something at which to aim.

MARJORIE MILSOM



Tryfan: the grooved arête

From 'On Climbing'



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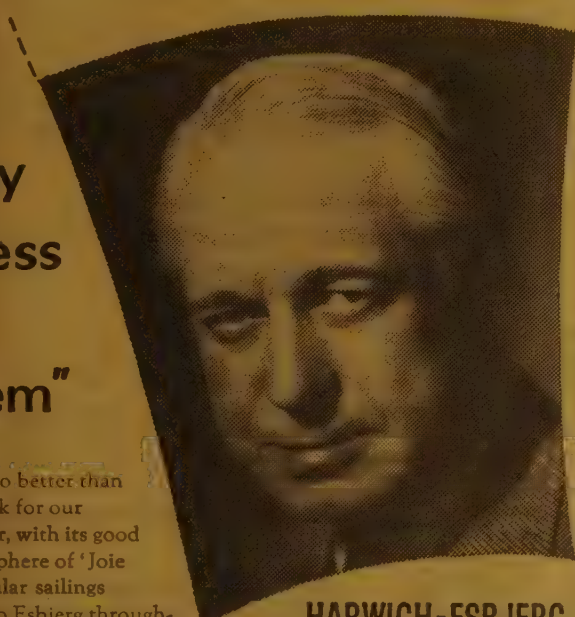


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## The Difficulty of France

FRANCE IS, OF ALL COUNTRIES, the easiest to enjoy and the most difficult to discuss. So difficult is it, indeed, to write well about France that the great old books on the subject seem to grow greater, year by year, and their successors correspondingly more shallow, 'knowing', and irrelevant. Some of the noble exemplars whom I have in mind are Taine, Vidal de la Blache in his introductory volume to Lavis's *Histoire Générale*, Mérimée in his pioneer survey of the Midi and, to a lesser degree, Henry James' *Little Tour*. The nineteenth-century giants had a Corot-like sureness of touch in such matters: I remember, for instance, a few lines in Matthew Arnold's description of the country round Nohant which can never be bettered.

The French can still do such things. M. Bernard Champigneulle in his recent *L'Île de France* (Arthaud) brings learning and a gift of lyrical description to the familiar countryside and yet does not ignore the fact that France is changing rapidly. Other writers overlook this—sometimes for interested reasons, as all know who have compared the prose-poems of restaurant-literature with what is, all too often, the reality: indifferent meat, pre-cooked vegetables, brackish and exorbitant wine, a slovenly waitress, the wireless blaring at every corner, and pre-Newtonian mathematics in the bill. (The wary, rough-spoken handbooks of the eighteen-twenties are once again a useful guide in such matters.)

A great Frenchman, M. Mendès-France, puts these changes in perspective in his preface to the new edition of Nagel's *France* (Muller, 30s.). The tourist, he says, 'is visiting a country that is undergoing an economic revolution'. And he enjoins us to follow the example set by 'the three French patrons of tourist travel—Montaigne, the Président de Brosses, and Stendhal, who were as attentive, in their journeys, to manners and economics as they were to the ruins of the past'. Sound advice: and advice that is followed in the prefatory articles to the guide itself. Many of these go well outside the ordinary visitor's experience (I remember the phrase 'Leg of bear is marvellous' in the paragraph on Pyrenean food); and, although there may sometimes be heard the squeak of an axe being ground to razor-point, the reader who masters these articles will end by knowing a good deal about France. The guide itself is altogether too summary for my taste: the field remains open for someone to bring to France the exact scholarship of Hans Jenny's *Kunstführer der Schweiz* and something, too, of the sharpened vocabulary which brings out the difference between one 'fine view' or 'picturesque situation' and another.

Perhaps France as a whole is too vast a subject for any one book—or, indeed, any one writer. Certainly there is much to be done—little as most publishers like the idea—in the way of piecemeal examination. Sark is not, for instance, a part of France: but Mr. Leonard Clark's recent *Sark Discovered* (Dent, 15s.) displays the kind of approach which would pay off equally well in the Île de Ré—or, for that matter, inland. Mr. Clark is nearer to W. H. Hudson than to Norman Douglas; and his little book, affectionate, amateurish in the best sense, unforced in its tone, unpretendingly learned and often very prettily written, is a model of what can be done with a diminutive subject.

Modern Paris, too, still waits for its historian. I can't say that it has found him in Mr. Chiang Yee, whose *Silent Traveller in Paris* (Methuen, 30s.) does less than justice, one must hope, to the subtlety of the oriental mind. Such a determinedly country mouse is Mr. Chiang! As an observer of objects, on the other hand, he has something to teach us: one can't read his book and not take a new view of the Halles, and the trees in the Palais Royal garden, and the Musée Rodin. There is a great deal of information, often indispensable, sometimes more esoteric (where to buy a ready-made soutane, for instance), in the Ogrizek Pocket Guide to Paris (McGraw-Hill, 17s. 6d.). It presupposes a composite visitor, ready to set aside Thursday afternoon for the Gobelins workshops, interested in the 'Roméo Dancing', the Association of Women Jurists, and prepared to astonish his French friends with items from the Glossary of Slang which has been drawn up (a splendid demoniac touch, this) by the author of *Touchez pas au Grisbi*! The visitor will need it all, for Paris, decidedly, is harder on foreigners than they realise: Mr. Ed van der Elsen, the young Dutch photographer, has tried a head-on attack in his picture-story of *Love on the Left Bank* (Deutsch, 30s.) and some of his pictures have an extraordinary veracity, a near-Baudelairean directness of assault. The story to which he has hitched them seems to me provincial and jejune but the book is a genuine curiosity, and something of the truth sticks to it.

But the difficulty of France! That remains undiminished.

JOHN RUSSELL

## Approaches to Italy

THE SAME OLD PROBLEM faces every traveller anxious to write a book about Italy—(there were more than 10,000,000 visitors last year, and it sometimes seems as if they all want to record their impressions). Three totally different factors have somehow to be fitted neatly together: oneself, observant, of course, and deeply sensitive; the Italy of the past—of Palladio; the Borgias and the rest; and the Italy of today with its motor scooters, unemployment and extraordinary energy. Most writers spend their time trying to see the past projected into the present. The eagerness with which they all describe medieval ceremonies such as the Palio at Siena—'the figures seemed to step straight out of a Gozzoli fresco'—show the relief they feel when for a brief moment the two Italys appear to coalesce. Others take an easier way out and concentrate on themselves; for Italy, like Spain and the Arab countries, has long been annexed into the fantasies of the Englishman's subconscious. There was, for instance, the discovery of the 'pagan South' at the beginning of the century. Northern inhibitions were cast off. Pan roamed again (his range would be fascinating to plot: some writers found him as far north as Tuscany). 'Lying on the beach', the final paragraph would run, 'soaking in the sea and sun, I thought again of what it had all meant. In the violence that lay so close to sensuality I had discovered a reality which had been obscured by our mists and hypocrisies. I could never be the same again'. And there are those who are anxious to reject the heritage of the past, and to show that they are more interested in people than in things. 'Casting a quick look at the *Duomo* as the *autobus* trundled by, we hurried on to the little workmen's *trattoria* that our new friend Giulio had told us of. There, over a bottle of Chianti (not the disgusting muck that they sell to tourists), we discussed Nenni's latest offer'.

Each of these approaches manages to combine rather awkwardly two of the three intractable factors, and the possibilities of each have by now been pretty well exhausted. Despite their vast number I doubt if any of the books written on Italy during the last few years will join the classics of the past. For this we may perhaps be thankful. For how those great travellers get in the way! Far harder to avoid than the 10,000,000 tourists of our own day, they are always there to gossip and to nag at us. 'What do I *really* feel?' we ask in despair, gazing at some familiar monument, and, before the question is out, Byron, Stendhal, Goethe, Norman Douglas, De Brosses and all the others are there to bully us into submission.

By far the most remarkable book on Italy to appear for a long time is *Venice Observed* (Zwemmer, 90s.), by Miss Mary McCarthy, the brilliant American novelist. Miss McCarthy has reversed the usual pattern of these books. She tries to interpret the past through her impressions of the present—a notoriously dangerous process, but here absolutely successful. Englishmen, who place such a high value on urbanity, have tended to see Venice in terms of the eighteenth century. Canaletto and the Palladian country-houses that we adopted at that time have imposed on us this age of the city's history. Miss McCarthy is, I think, at her weakest in discussing this period. But she is exceedingly good when writing of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. She brilliantly re-creates the hated imperialism of the grasping commercial city and resolves the paradox that this same city could produce one of the noblest civilisations of the world. Her observations on the great painters (and especially Cima da Conegliano and Veronese) are moving as well as acute. Past and present converge quite naturally. 'Cima's golden, crystal light is that of the Veneto in the autumnal days when the foliage is just turning and the walnuts and fungi and white soft cheeses are coming down from the mountains to the markets in the Rialto and Santa Maria Formosa'. That familiar character whom one has come to dread in all travel books, the comic landlady, makes an appearance, but she is not dragged in to be patronised. With dignity she takes her place beside the great characters of the past, and her 'guileless guilefulness' so perceptively recorded brings to life some new aspect of the city's history. After some hesitation Miss McCarthy recognises the impossibility of saying anything new about Venice. But this exploration of the effects of countless generations of tourists (on the Venetians as well as ourselves) is only a gambit. The book is full of original observations. Now, however, she too will have to join those who bustle us as we wander over the Rialto or peer up at the Tintoretto in the School of S. Rocco. Now surely there really is nothing left to say about Venice.

We have got used, in recent years, to lavishly illustrated books on Italy, and there have been several fine examples lately, such as *Rome*



of the *Caesars*, with an introduction by Pierre Grimal (Phaidon, 27s. 6d.) and *Rome*, by Y. and E. R. Labande (Nicholas Kaye, 30s.). *Venice Observed*, too, has a large number of spectacular plates, many of them in colour. But the standard of reproduction varies enormously, and sometimes the result is deplorable. Pictures have been hacked round to fit the page. Titian's 'Assunta' in the Frari has been disgracefully mutilated, for instance. In others the colour is quite unrecognisable. The black and white photographs of pictures are on the whole very

much better, and there has been some enterprise in choosing less familiar works than usual. Some of the views—one of them is reproduced on the cover of this number—have a curious pre-1914 look. All this is the more regrettable as the book is on the whole a very handsome one. A far less ambitiously produced book—*Venice and the Islands* by Rivière-Sestier (Harrap, 30s.)—gives in many ways a much better picture of the city. But here the text is quite pedestrian.

FRANCIS HASKELL

## Tourism v. Thuggism

WHEN THE FOOLS OF ALL NATIONS forgather to bluff and outwit one another and to threaten defensive aggression, there is one consideration that checks—very, very slightly checks—their folly. It is the tourist trade. Tourists bring money. Even the silliest nation likes money. And even the noblest nation, its teeth clenched, will sometimes hold out its cap for the potential sinews of war. Tourists are, however, a set of softies. They have to be coddled and coaxed or they will not tour. They resent being frightened or hurt. A well-merited insult, a patriotic pebble, a gob of spit straight from the heart, will definitely deter them and may injure future bookings. For their sake, if for theirs only, zones of peacefulness must be established, and safety routes contrived between the munition factories and the airfields, so that the luxury coaches may reach the scheduled objects and may return. The Cathedral of Pottibakia, the Shamshool Mosques, the Bhong Gorges, dear little Rumsmere Beck—what national assets they are so long as tourists will pay to get to them! Unvisited they become national liabilities. They must therefore remain visitable. And this is getting to be realised by the Fools of All Nations at the back of their preoccupied heads.

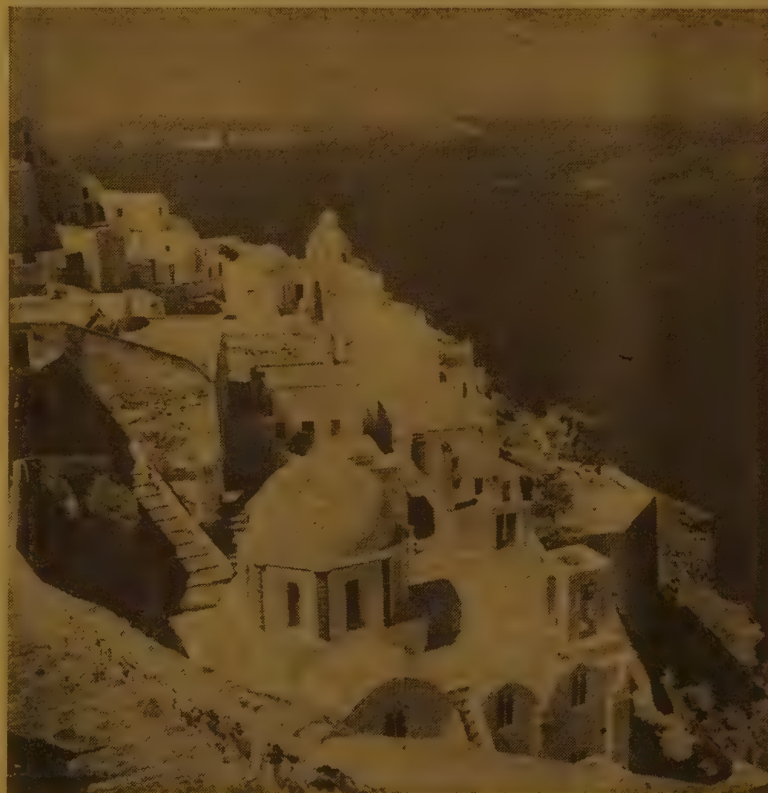
Tourism—an ugly word for an ugly thing—is a feature of our age, and, our age being what it is, may be regarded as a favourable feature. It misses the graciousness and the gravity of the earlier travel, the personal approach, the individual adventure, the precious possibilities of friendship between visitor and visited. It spreads vulgarity. But violence spreads vulgarity too, quite as efficiently, and with the blood and the bodies of men as its paste. The luxury coachloads, shriek though they may through their windows, do not do that. They return to their termini little better for their outing, but having done little harm and having exercised a slight economic check on bellicosity. Strange though it may seem, they are on the side of the angels.

I took a cruise in Greece last spring and cannot believe that I or the other tourists with whom I was squashed did much harm. We may even have done good. Our fares, though paid in London, were acceptable in Athens, and I like to fancy that a little of the money thus disbursed may percolate, after endless deductions by unappetising officials, into the individual pockets of Greeks who were charming and kind to us. Too fanciful a fancy? More solid is my faith in the action of one of our party, a young girl, who landed on an island supposed to be anti-British, and within half-an-hour was going about arm-in-arm with island girls and being invited into their homes. Her action was no stronger than a flower, but it is the only sort of action that can lighten our darkness. Conferences cannot utilise it, even if they want to; they are soused in nationalism. It is only when personal contacts are established that the axis of our sad planet shifts and the stars shine through the

ground-fog. And contacts are not easy to establish in a world that is dominated by far worse -isms than the touristic.

That was my second Greek visit. The first occurred half a century ago. In the interval Athens had become unrecognisable, but the islands had not changed. Delos had retained its loneliness, Santorin its incredibility. Delphi had not altered either, but I was formerly too immature even to guess at its greatness. Whereas Knossos, once so exciting and so exquisitely reached through wild anemones, seemed today an unresponsive muddle, better called Evanstown, and so far as tourists are concerned better left unvisited. Seen by me for the first time were: Phaestos, the temple on Aegina, the plane tree on Cos, the Turkish Bath in Rhodes, Sunium, Zeus carrying Ganymede in terracotta at Olympia, etc. And this mixture of old memories and recent ones, of occasional disappointments and durable delights has made browsing in Hellenic travel books very agreeable.

*Portrait of Greece* (Max Parrish, 35s.) is written by Lord Kinross with photographs by Dimitri. Its letterpress is well described on the dust-jacket as 'friendly and unobtrusive'. Of more distinction are the coloured photographs. Taken by a Greek and processed in Holland, they represent an all-non-British achievement. The blues in the Greek sky, the greens in the landscape when it admits green, the prevalent yellowness and brownness, the delicate reflections of a



Phira, capital of Santorin, 700 feet above the sea

From 'Portrait of Greece'

water-front, are all rendered exquisitely, and it is only occasionally that a vermilion blast and splits the harmony. These photographs make me long to tour there again, and more particularly to land at Itea and find that friends have again driven for four hours over bad roads from Athens to greet us on their native soil.

Shall I get there for the third time? The future of Tourism lies on the lap of the gods. And it is not only the gods of Greece who are ironical and proffer blessings out of reach. A map of the world, displaying the areas in which Tourism is dangerous or is prohibited would present a tormenting spectacle. A map of Great Britain is exasperating enough, for we are losing more and more of our coastal stretches and our smaller islands to the exigencies of National Defence. Our saleable attractiveness is being expertly ruined. The destruction of antiquities, monuments, amenities, view-points, sea-scapes, flora and fauna proceeds here and elsewhere at an increasing rate, dullness and danger advance hand in hand, and Tourism may slow down for the double reason that there is nothing worth seeing as well as no access to it.

E. M. FORSTER

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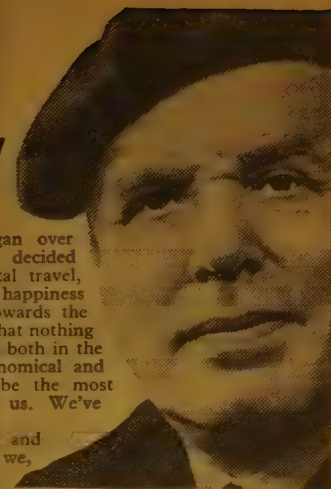
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## Hospitality in Yugoslavia

THERE ARE SEVERAL WORDS now current in the English language which frighten the life out of me, and I notice that many of these are part of the jargon to do with travel. Such threats as 'knapsack', 'hike', 'communal', 'alfresco', or 'snack' make me most apprehensive. A sense of caution comes over me whenever I hear the phrase 'cheap pension'. I admit I am the despair of travel agencies. I insist on the amenities of American sanitation without the inconvenience of Americans, and require the very worst a peasant cook can concoct yet prefer it served on the whitest of tablecloths with a polyglot waiter always to hand. These incongruities of taste are not easily catered for, especially when one adds an appetite for live culture and a horror of dead galleries and mausoleum museums. I would rather sit and watch a fisherman splice a rope or bite the eyes out of an octopus than drag my admiration round the Prado or the Louvre.

When I was persuaded to go to Yugoslavia I suspect that many of my friends cherished the malicious hope that I would end my pampered days singing communal songs for a cold supper in a youth hostel with an earth closet, or be wholly confined to the terrible tedium of a de-luxe hotel. They were wrong: I like to have things both ways, but that is precisely what Yugoslavia can give.

It is a country invigorated by revolution without excessive political rigours—at least for the tourist. It has suffered too much from previous polemics to take contemporary ideologies very seriously. And having been occupied by most of its neighbours—including the Turks for five centuries—hospitality is second nature to the Yugoslav. If you're careful, he will almost kill you with it. It is less than a century since the Ottoman Empire collapsed, consequently one still has the feeling in Yugoslavia that the East is only just round the corner. To my taste that is where it should be.

And what other town in the world has it as many ways as Dubrovnik? It is a city with most of the qualities of Venice without giving the feeling that it is a film set flung up for the tourist. No cars are allowed on the city streets which are of polished marble. This little medieval fortress with only 22,000 inhabitants is a civilisation in itself. Its annual Festival of the Arts can be compared to either Edinburgh in scope, or Holland for its quality. Most of the performances are in the open; 'Hamlet', or 'The Rape of Lucretia' staged on the battlements of the Lovrigenac Fortress; 'Iphigenia' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (the best production I have ever seen of this play) staged in the park; 'The Cid' on the top of Fort Revelin, and 'Uncle Maoje' in the market square, with scenes played from the balconies of surrounding houses. Little is heard of the Dubrovnik Festival in this country—is that silence a conspiracy of prejudice? How else can one explain the lack of information concerning a Festival which runs from June to October with ten performances of opera, six plays, five ballets, two symphony orchestras, and thirty concerts of choral, chamber, or soloist music?

And besides this formal fiesta for culture-mongers, any village in Yugoslavia will improvise a 'snack' of genuine folk dancing if the visitors show the slightest appetite for it. The villages have other live traditions too. I remember a party some farmers gave me in a village called Cilipi . . . one might say it started a chain-reaction in hospitality. For all I know the celebrations are still in progress.

After such splendid excesses inland, the coast offers tonic effects. The fantastically beautiful littoral consists of over 900 tiny islands, any of which provide crustaceans and attendant gastronomic temptations. If you cannot see any bathers, it does not mean that the swimming is more than usually dangerous but merely that submarine exploration is *de rigueur*. The rumour that sharks abound along this coast has, of course, been disproved to everybody's satisfaction excluding my own.

Kotor should be visited for its Bay; Split, as much for the sculptor Mestovic as for the remnants of Diocletian. And of course travelling in such backwood countries in the Balkans one has the advantage of finding that public baths are not the only public amenities, and that even towns the size of Zagreb have such civic necessities as an opera house and a theatre. Many other places worth visiting are mentioned in the admirable translation by Jean Penfold of Suzanne Normand and Jean Acker's *Yugoslavia* (Nicholas Kaye, 30s.). The text is nearly as vivid as the photographs.

But two words of warning: the roads are fit for anything but motoring; and a boat, appropriately called the S.S. *Proletariat*, will,

if you ignore my advice, convey you to or from Venice. This vessel left me with a memory of bare knees and warm beer. A pity, since the country itself had provided so much more.

RONALD DUNCAN

## The Spanish Track

ONCE UPON A TIME the British were either colonists, stay-at-homes, or fragile water-colourists devoted to the soft lights of the Italian peninsula. A sharper curiosity, a thinner Empire, grimmer home-cooking, and holidays-with-pay have mixed and changed these habits. The Grand Tour of the few has become the Massed Tour of the many. The motor-coach that once bore loads of day-tripping workers to Clacton-on-Sea now carries them off for fortnights to the Costa Brava. We have not only produced a great new class of travellers, we have discovered new directions in which to travel. And one of the best-thumbed leads to Spain.

When I first saw Spain—before the Civil War—the only visible tourists were a handful of black-mackintoshed Frenchmen, and a few half-naked German students sleeping in fields and ditches. Now, from all over Europe, from the Commonwealth, and from the Americas, they come to Spain each year in their hundred thousands. Part of the attraction, of course, is the cheap peseta: there is also something else: almost alone among the tourist centres of the world Spain has not yet entirely forgotten the medieval courtesies owed to the visiting stranger.

Where else lies the charm? Nostalgia for a pre-industrial past? This is also true in part. Yet Spain is no Arcadia of shepherds; it is harsh, raw, bare, savage, hungry, and almost entirely devoid of prettiness. It has set up few shrines to the tourist. If you ignore the night-clubs of the major cities and the suspect gypsy caves of Granada, it is also almost entirely free from self-consciousness. Because of this, and because of its truth, open-handedness, self-absorption, and extraordinary lack of commercial corruption, it is still one of the most rewarding countries left to us to visit. But what should one visit? There are, for instance, a dozen countries within that Spain, each separate in tradition, time, and geography. They lie together, from Biscay to the Mediterranean, each as different as books piled on the floor. Great mountains divide them; they are split by east-west rivers; their frontiers are the Guadarrama, Moreno, Nevada; the Ebro, Duero, Tajo, Guadalquivir. Contained by these barriers they have evolved, through their history, wide distinctions of face and thought and habit.

So the choice is wide, and the difference worth seeking. Near the Pyrenees, for instance, live the Welsh-like Basques. They bounce with vitality, speak a wire-brush tongue, write incomprehensible poetry, dig mines, work factories, argue politically, run up and down hills, and sing in harmonic choirs. There are no others like them in Spain.

In Galicia, in the north-west corner, live a people much like the Irish; indeed, they have shared their blood. Their hills are moss-green, they know mists from the Atlantic, they have a dialect of their own, drink a rank red wine, are devout, occult, and garrulous, blow down musical pipes and dance strange formal dances.

Away eastwards, in Cataluña, you find the only true Europeans living in the country. The city of Barcelona (more sophisticated than Madrid because more assured) is also the cultural capital, with half its face turned towards Paris. The Catalans, clinging passionately to their separate language, preserve also the most liberal and liberated minds. Indeed, if the Government and the walled Pyrenees did not stand in their way, they might slide off to France altogether.

In the centre of Spain is something else again—the bare, mile-high plain of Castille, where the purest Spanish is spoken. The mountains on the edge of the plain draw one's eyes perpetually heavenwards. Boulders as big as churches strew the fields. The air is thin and clear as prayer; the people gaunt, mystical, and elaborately courteous. This is the area of saints and visionaries; of the religious centres of Salamanca, Avila and Toledo; of the grandiose austerities of El Escorial; of cruelty, philosophy, and the romantic humanities.

It is only when you get further south, beyond the Sierra Moreno and the Despeñaperros, that you come to the Land of Promise, land of the tourist's dream, of boozing ex-patriots bemused on their pine-fumed shores—the golden coast of Andalusia tilted towards the sun. The girls in the streets have the eyes of Africa; the people are amiable, indolent and vague. Everything here bears the stamp of the Moors—fields, towns, castles, palaces, even the pattern of family life. This is



also the land of the tout and the travel agent; but ignoring these it can also be a land of fantastic incident and ripe encounter.

Of course there is much more still. Spain is also the Aragon of tempests and jotas, of the date-palms of Elche, of drunken storks in the streets of Valdepeñas, of the dried moon-landscapes around Lorca. It is a country of orthodox women and frantic young men; of football, rain and boredom; of great religious festivals; and of exhausting pilgrimages that re-acquaint you with the moon and stars. There are desert landscapes inhabited only by crickets and hawks; forests of tusked boars rooting among wild orchids; city-suburbias more hideous than anything on earth; and cool dark sherry-taverns serving the best sea-food in Europe.

But to travel most richly here one must ignore the signposts, the metalled roads, and the brochures. Climb a Basque mountain and you will eat the food of France. Take a side-road Castillian bus, get off at the smallest village, and they will kill you a chicken and the wine will be practically free. You may have to eat by candlelight, you may even have to sleep on the floor, but all this will do you good. Hire a

mule or donkey and follow the old drove-roads that hug the bottoms of the valleys and cross streams by bridges as old as the Romans. Learn a few Spanish phrases and everyone will be proud that you have taken the trouble. Make no plans, and the reality will never let you down. And should you, after all, be determined on guitars and flamenco, avoid the gypsies and the cabarets: the local baker will sing better, the barber play better, the wash-girl dance better than any of those professionals.

How long Spain can resist the pressures of foreign cultures and foreign money, one cannot say. Well over a quarter-of-a-million Britons alone go there every year. It is a hard-beaten track. But the best of Spain, and the greater part, still lies off that track.

LAURIE LEE

Some recent books for would-be travellers to Spain are: *Spain*, by Yves Bottineau (Nicholas Kaye, 30s.); *Grapes and Granite: In Spanish Galicia*, by Nina Epton (Cassell, 21s.), and *Malaga Farm*, by Marjorie Grice-Hutchinson (Hollis and Carter, 21s.).

## Port and the Portuguese

IT WAS SAID, I believe, of Sir Robert Walpole (or was it the elder Pitt?) that 'he liked a glass of port, but he much preferred a bottle'. To many of us port and Portugal are synonymous, and the English community that has for generations dominated the port wine industry in the Oporto area has constituted the chief link between our two nations. Once an empire, Portugal today is a small and modest country. It has only two large cities, Lisbon flourishing with its clean and busy harbour and Oporto thriving in large part upon its famous wine. When writers on Portugal can refer to 'a town' of 2,000 inhabitants we almost feel as if we are back in the Middle Ages. And indeed perhaps we are. In the Minho, with its camellias and mimosa, where the girls go barefoot and the women carry their umbrellas on their heads, the mass of the people seldom eat meat and virtually the only fish is the interminable cabalhou: they live on soup, they toil long in a leisurely way, cultivating the soil with age-old hoes, the peasants are often drab and ragged and about half of them are illiterate.

Contrast the aristocracy of Oporto: visit the Factory House with its chandeliers and decanters of port. Or go up the valley to the quintas where, if one is fortunate, one watches the vintage and is entertained with joints and Malvedos '27 by a shipper who rowed for Eton in 1902. How long, I wonder, will all this continue? Things are not as they were: the output of port and madeira, we are told, has declined by much more than a half over the past twenty-five years. Vintage port, it is suggested, is no longer so much in demand because of the decline in habits of entertaining, through lack of servants, and insufficiency of storage space in the modern flat. The industry in fact survives on the drinking of port as an aperitif in France and the 'port-and-lemon' of the British public house. What of the Porto Colony itself? It has indeed a Victorian texture with its Copeland plates and Spode coffee cups, its spacious dining-rooms and its uniformed servants, its copies of *The Times* and *The Illustrated London News*, its paternalism and its hospitality, its network of marriages and cousinships. How has it endured so far? Perhaps the answer is that without British custom the port wine trade would soon decay. So long as the port is handed round at the High Table of Trinity College, Cambridge, or the traditions of Walpole and Pitt are imitated in servantless country homes, so long will a Jane-Austen-like community persist on the banks of the Douro. Moreover, I imagine that if the British shippers disappeared the peasants who grow and tread the grapes in Douro and Trás-os-Montes might be forced back on to a more meagre livelihood of subsistence-level farming. For the fortified

wines (madeira as well as port) are produced for British and American palates. The Portuguese themselves do not drink them (you do not even find it easy to buy them if you move away from the luxury hotels) and the national wine is, if anything, the *vinho verde* which, upon the uninitiated, acts as a powerful emetic.

But there is more to Portugal than port, and within its boundaries are many varieties of natural beauty and historic character. It is an ideal country for a holiday abroad. Those who seek one kind of luxury can go to Estoril and gamble. The lover of history or architecture may visit Batalha or Alcobaça. Nowhere is very far from anywhere else and one can easily in a fortnight enjoy the scenery around Viana da Castelo in the north, see the panelled and painted rooms of ancient Coimbra University, inspect the Roman remains at Evora, and taste the Moorish atmosphere of Alentejo. For those who holiday there I can strongly recommend *Blue Moon in Portugal* by William and Elizabeth Younger (Eyre and Sportiswoode, 30s.). It is the best travel book on Portugal that I have ever read. It is superbly written, capably illustrated, and, as far as I can judge, highly reliable. The authors are particularly strong on the lesser-known north Portugal. Out of deference to their various hosts, they may gloss over one or two awkward questions, but their enthusiasm is not misplaced. Those interested in port should look at *The Wine of the Douro* by Hector Bolitho (Sidgwick and Jackson, 12s. 6d.): the photographs are excellently chosen, the text descriptively romantic and brief. A new, compact, if somewhat pedestrian guide-book to Portugal is Nagel's *Portugal* (Muller, 30s.). The author, Major O. H. Warne, is an acknow-

ledged authority. Other suggestions on how to make the best use of one's time will be found in the newly published *A Fortnight in Portugal* by Cedric Salter (Percival Marshall, 5s.).

For visitors to *Madeira and the Canary Islands* a concise up-to-date guide written by A. Gordon-Brown has been published by Hale at 8s. 6d. It is issued for the Union Castle Line and its low price is sustained by advertisements. Madeira is part of metropolitan Portugal, and all my friends who have been there lately speak enthusiastically of a splendid holiday in winter sunshine at a reasonable cost. The traveller either to Portugal or Madeira will find a courteous and friendly people. But they should remember that Portugal is washed by the Atlantic and that Madeira is an Atlantic island. They will find them different in character and in charm from the Mediterranean lands, a little sad in their joy, less excitable, less luxuriant, and less cruel.

MAURICE ASHLEY



Diminutive statue of a knight in armour in the Museu Machado de Castro, Coimbra: fourteenth century  
From 'Blue Moon in Portugal'



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# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Animal, Vegetable, Mineral

FURTHER EXPERIENCE of 'Talk of Many Things' and 'Panorama' reinforces my first impression. Mixed feelings towards programmes of mixed and unrelated contents are inevitable in everybody except those omnivorous viewers whose wholesale receptivity and total lack of discrimination enable them to swallow the lot with equal glee. In each last week I found things that interested me and others that didn't. When listening to similar programmes on sound such as 'At Home and Abroad' I find it easy when I strike a bad patch to turn an all but deaf ear, but it is much more difficult to turn both a deaf ear and a blind eye for, most unfortunately, an averted eye sharpens the hearing while the jumble of passing faces and forms becomes much more exhausting than mere strings of words, so that when the close of the programme restores me to myself I feel that I have woken from a nightmare.

In the case of 'Talk of Many Things' I must confess to a prejudice which many readers will



'Breakdown', the second programme in the series 'The Hurt Mind', on January 8: Dr. Gray-Walter showing, with grains of salt, the number of cells (10,000,000,000) in the human brain

doubtless stigmatise as a boggling at trifles. I refer to the childish fiction that the persons who figure in the programme are Richard Attenborough's guests who, as *Radio Times* puts it, 'have been invited to drop in after lunch'. To keep up this illusion Christian names flow free until each guest or pair of guests is hustled out with profuse thanks for fear<sup>h</sup> he, she, or they should become involved with the next arrivals. But, after all, you may say, all this simply provides a useful framework for the whole. I agree, it does; none the less I find it exasperating. As for what the guests and their host had to tell and show us, Mr. Attenborough's talk with Dr. Leslie Russell who runs the L.C.C. Holiday Orchestra, which is recruited from members of orchestras in a hundred London schools, stood out as especially interesting. I had no idea that music had become such an important subject in the schools' curriculum.

In the matter of framework, 'Panorama' let my sleeping dogs lie and it was without any fictional frills that Richard Dimbleby introduced us to the grim realities of Gorbals (a vivid and

impressive item), the problem of absorbing British refugees from Egypt, the Geophysical Year, to which we are contributing our Skylark Rocket, and other topical themes.

The second instalment of 'The Hurt Mind' was a disappointment. It was in charge of a physician who spoke briefly on the terms of admission to mental homes and the legal protection given to patients and then went on to interview five specialists who described, each from his own angle, various causes and effects of mental illness. This method allowed rather less than five minutes to each specialist, so that what I got was no more than a few arresting facts and a number of necessarily superficial generalisations which have left very little impression on my memory, the less because a programme consisting of a series of questions and short answers offered little occupation for the camera. Moreover the fact that the speakers were, all but one, anonymous detracted much from my interest in their visible presences. The programme would have lost next to nothing if it had been a sound broadcast. Its failure lay in the planning and was not, needless to say, the fault of the specialists or the physician who ran it, whose sympathetic personality and easy handling of it remains a pleasant memory. A small but important point has struck me in the two instalments I have seen so far: the series of distraught faces dissolving horribly one into the other which acted as a 'signature scene' for each is surely an unfortunate choice for a series which sets out to reassure viewers' fears of mental illness.

Under the misleading title 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?', which suggests one of those pleasantly flippant parlour games, we are having some fascinating programmes of what may be called artistic and scientific diagnosis. In the most recent, one professional and two skilled amateurs of English architecture under the chairmanship of John Betjeman were

shown a few square inches of architectural detail after we viewers had been allowed a wider view. The beauty of this programme is that viewers, with their larger allowance, may participate, if



'Meet Jeanne Heal' on January 7: Miss Heal interviewing a German psychologist who has become a Buddhist nun. Standing are Madame Orsini, formerly Miss Jane Stewart Liberty, and her husband, a Corsican fisherman

they are quick enough, in spotting the whole building. It was exciting to hear these pundits arriving at the actual building or at a close guess by observing from a mere photographic reproduction the workmanship, style, period, kind of material—Bath stone, or what not.

It was a highly civilised programme and so was 'Asian Club' which admitted us to a meeting of this club in Edinburgh at which young men and women from many Asian countries put questions about Scottish characteristics, customs, and history to their guest, Sir James Fergusson, Bt., questions both serious and humorous. Sir James, who is Keeper of the Records of Scotland, is the ideal guest for such an occasion and there was a continuous flow of lively talk. The screen showed us not only the company and the guest but a constant succession of faces, each of them strikingly individual, some of a beauty unfamiliar to us of the West. Anil de Silva made a gracious chairman.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## DRAMA

### Precipitation

'WHAT A PRECIPITATION of melodrama your visit's fallen on!' says Mrs. St. Maugham to the



As seen by the viewer: Sir Albert Richardson 'At Home' on January 9. Right: Sir Albert's house in Bedfordshire

John Cura





Judge in the third act of 'The Chalk Garden'. So I could have said after my week's visits to the set in the corner. On Sunday it offered a passport to Pimlico: to Patrick Hamilton's Victorian Pimlico of clammy fog, muffins-for-tea, the Barlow Rubies, and the 'tolerably dangerous gentleman' who had married poor Bella. 'Gaslight' is familiar now on so many stages and screens that it needs only to be set to music (by, say, Menotti). Meantime, it keeps a throat-constricting power: one bred of narrative and atmosphere.

Certainly it held me again on Sunday, though on television the *frisson* of the rising and falling gaslight—in a theatre it is visually triumphant—seemed to me to be lost. Still, there our imagination 'covered up' for the producer. Elsewhere, Stephen Harrison had no need of help. He had worked out a careful, lingering pattern of pause and effect; the cameras slipped about with the silky menace of Mr. Manningham's own voice as assumed by Peter Cushing.

Manningham, searching after twenty years for those hidden rubies, is a villain matched to the fog and the peeling stucco we do not see. His plan for driving his wife mad still appears to be elaborately portentous; but, as a dramatist, Patrick Hamilton—who one day, I hope, will make a personal appearance for the sake of the anxiously inquiring Mr. Betjeman—is craftily atmospheric. Nothing rouses an audience so quickly as the sight of a cruelly suave black-guard at cat-and-mouse with the helpless. Once establish that; hint at a nasty end, and immediately a playgoer waits to see what Gilbert's Lady Angela called Retribution, like a poised hawk, swooping down on the Wrong-doer. Mr. Hamilton, knowing what the response must be, rubs it in at the last, where he will have no kind of sentimentality. Bella mocks her trapped torturer, and we are cheering by her side. I think the play should end as Manningham is dragged off; agreed, we could do without the Devonshire cream in Sergeant Rough's final speech, though on Sunday Mervyn Johns—as consoling throughout as a warm fire on a cold night—got over it tactfully.

One could say that of the entire cast, all five (plus two sturdy villain-removers). I did not believe in Mary Morris for perhaps ten minutes. She is, temperamentally, too firm for the driven Bella. Surely she would have slapped Manningham hard with a muffin? But the play coiled insidiously round her: I came to believe, and in Mr. Cushing as well, though clearly he would have turned any widow into the snow at the drop of his own glossy hat. The piece remained what it had always been, an exercise in atmospherics, a melodramatic anecdote swivelled craftily to terror. Mr. Hamilton allows his people to repeat each other's questions as though they are cross-talk comedians ramming it home. It helps to thicken the atmosphere, just as the same author, in his novels, uses the capital letter to emphasise that gorgeously absurd comedy of his. Remember the appalling Thwaites: 'I Keeps my Counsel. Like the Wise Old Bird, I Sits and Keeps my Counsel'. Thwaites, had he walked into the Pimlico room, might have been as terrifying as Manningham.

Where the author of 'Gaslight' knew what he was about, I felt that Dorothy Massingham and Laurier Lister, who adapted 'The Soldier and the Gentlewoman' for the stage, let melodrama pounce on them and crumple the play. This, from the Hulda Vaughan novel, went usefully

into television until we saw the warped mistress of Plas Einon—who had married the new heir for the sake of the property—sticking pins into a wax image of her husband. When they did the same thing in a Cornish drama a few years ago, I reflected sadly that us be proper primitive. On the evidence of last week's play, they seemed to be more primitive still in Carmarthenshire about 1919-20. Dafydd Gruffydd produced simply, and with some agreeable exterior shots. Emrys Jones, Laidman Browne, and Margaret Diamond (the beautifully named Gwenllian, who thought only of what the Northern Farmer called 'property') acted sharply enough to make me wish that I could believe in the taradiddle and its death in a four-poster.

Certainly I could not believe in the taradiddle of R. F. Delderfield's farce—a melodrama in a clown's hat—'No Shepherds Watched'. It was about Cockney burglars whose coup was scotched by the Christmas spirit of a next-door neighbour. Heavily whining accents made the play a penance to hear, in spite of loyal performances by Dandy Nichols and Warren Mitchell.

So to the third instalment of 'Vanity Fair', a serial that, though it could well have been a puppet-show, does keep alive briskly and happily. True, Thackeray has been sub-edited with smiling ruthlessness; but Campbell Logan directs with invention—as when the shadow of Napoleon advances across the map—and Joyce Redman, Alan Badel, and Derek Blomfield's Dobbin go forward as they should. (One regret: need Mr. Quill, the cashier, have explained the title to us?)

Finally, the panto-flare of 'Dick Whittington'. Melodrama cannot live in the presence of the Formby smile and the Formby ukulele. Mr. Thwaites, a linguist ever, can have the last word for this: 'It may not be Dickens or Thackeray [does that, I wonder, apply to our 'Vanity Fair' also?] *mais il serve pour passer le temps*'.  
J. C. TREWIN



Mary Morris as Bella and Peter Cushing as Mr. Manningham in 'Gaslight' on January 13. In the background is Mervyn Johns as Rough

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

### Bookmarks

IF THOSE RELATED but estranged forms, the novel and the play, could come to terms anywhere—we will take as read the more finger-marked passages in that well-worn text—it is on the air. Broadcasting House is situated on the literary map half-way between the publishers and the playhouses. Not merely because its alarming appetite for fictional material can be satisfied only by a whole auxiliary industry of adaptation, but from the very nature of the medium. A novelist has, for instance, his descriptive prose, a dramatist his sentient puppets and his scenic designer. A radio play, even when not a boiled book, often has to fall back on the novelist's resources to compensate for disembodiment, notably on a narrator who will tell us what cannot be conveniently injected into dialogue-and-effects, but which he thinks we need to know. On the air even Shakespeare often gets his ubiquitous assistance. If Audience Research were suddenly to ask me to name three B.B.C. commentators, I might easily stammer out 'Stanley Maxted, Bill McLaren, and, er, Rafael Hollingshead'.

Last week's listening illustrated a wide range of problems and possibilities latent in this business of turning books into radio plays. I heard Giles Cooper's adaptation of William Golding's novel about boys who go back to barbarism on a Pacific island, 'Lord of the Flies', when it was first broadcast, in 1955. I see that I then contrasted it with the witty leave-it-to-the-lads idealism of 'Escapade' and thought it too lengthy for its juvenile conversation. So, of course, I was (no doubt mistakenly) flattered to find 'Lord of the Flies' turning up again last week in the Home, this time forty-eight hours after 'Escapade' in the same Service, and moreover in 'a shortened version'. Narrator heads the cast, but there is little of him. The radio play's danger, from which the novel could escape, is one-and-three-quarter hours of dialogue at the literary level of 'Stop it, you litt'uns, blubbing's no good'. Archie Campbell's production countered this with fine performances by Oscar Quitak and the boys—I must com-



'The Soldier and the Gentlewoman' on January 8, with (left to right) Emrys Jones as Dick Einon-Thomas, Gwenyth Petty as the maid, Margaret Diamond as Gwenllian, Ruth Grundy as Cecily, and Jessica Dunning as Frances Blake



pliment Robin Willett again—and something very special in music and effects by Christopher Whelen. I am not the only one who thinks that few radio productions have equalled this in evoking and intensifying a baleful atmosphere. But I still want a few more minutes out of the middle.

The Saturday-night Home Service play, also in the 'Against the Wind' series, which is tackling skilfully, went the other way to work on a full-length child portrait. Pamela Frankau's exploration of the loyalties of a fourteen-year-old girl, now called 'A Wreath for My Enemy', has been successively a story, a novel, a stage play, a television play—and was adapted for radio by the producer, Peter Watts. The girl now speaks her thoughts in strange interludes for one, through the convention of reading her private diary, varied by brief bouts of dialogue with other characters. This might have palled but for a sensitive and sustained rendering of the introspective adolescent, by Gillian Andrews, and Barbara Couper blazing away in all directions as a decaying Duchessa, dying in a declamatory dedication to Life.

All three programmes now have well under way serials or series based on a book. John Keir Cross is giving us the savour of Scott in the Home Service Sunday-night serial, 'Redgauntlet'. Keeping to the novel's epistolary form in the early correspondence between Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford, with transition to and from dramatic dialogue for variety, he is preserving the style of the story-teller's art without sacrificing the immediacy of radio drama. There are sterling Scots voices to listen to in James Crampsey's production. So there were in the revival of Mr. Crampsey's adaptation and production of a Scots emigrant family-piece, 'The Blood is Strong' in the Light Programme on Wednesday.

There was a welcome sense of character, too, in the playing of the first of eight instalments of 'London Belongs to Me', Howard Agg's serialisation of Norman Collins' epic of Dulcimer Street' in the Light Programme on Sunday night, particularly in Nora Nicholson's performance, Mr. Jossier (shades of Ernie Lotinga!), and his family and neighbours in Munich-time, are going to be amusing company. But Mr. Agg had not marshalled the material very successfully, his first instalment was not dramatically complete, it merely seemed to leave off when the half-hour was up.

The Third does not descend to so democratic a form as the serial, but is now reviving at short intervals the half-dozen Proust reconstructions by Pamela Hansford Johnson that have been spread over the last eight years. This is an exquisite recollection of broadcasting time past, the liqueurs of listening, change most welcome from too many draughts of old and mild. Last Thursday's miniature of the marriage of Baron de Charlus, whose amorous aptitude lay quite another way, was as delicate about the indelicate as might be. Embroidering a passing allusion in Proust, Miss Hansford Johnson maintained the meditative mood of her great original.

I am glad to see that these remarkable Proust reconstructions will soon come full circle, into print. Like Proust himself they belong to sessions of sweet *silent* thought. The original novel has reasserted its independent form through its remarkable radio offspring. There is such a thing as the pure radio play, all the same. Samuel Beckett's 'All That Fall' is such an important example of it that several adaptations from novels, and from stage plays, will get short shrift in this column next week, so that this new major work by the author of 'Waiting for Godot' can have some of the critical attention it deserves. Meanwhile there is a repeat of 'All That Fall' to be heard on Saturday (January 19).

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Literary Criticism

BOOK REVIEWING has never been allowed much time on the air, and the B.B.C. has probably been wise to concentrate its energies on reviewing's elder and more responsible brother, literary criticism. In Mr. Philip Toynbee's hands even the Sunday afternoon book talk, which is presumably intended to be an equivalent to the literary page of a Sunday newspaper, often takes wing into a discussion of those principles of life and literature which are Mr. Toynbee's deepest concern. His special value as a critic is his inability to be bookish, his natural assumption that literature must be the result of an awareness of the whole of life. One always feels that in his judgements of value he not only makes a balance between aesthetic and 'moral' standards but knows that aesthetic worth cannot exist in isolation from the platonic 'universal human feelings'. It is a strict canon and sometimes puritanical in rejecting pleasure whenever its provenance is suspect, but it is a canon which Mr. Toynbee has steadily forged for himself during the past two decades and remained faithful to in spite of his change of political position. He still sees all art in terms of engagement or, as he prefers to call it, 'concern', but now he seems to be uncertain of the nature of the things in which concern is to be shown. If all his book talks were read together one would probably have a fascinating and coherent picture of Mr. Toynbee's attempt to re-think his position without destroying its fundamental principles.

The book reviewer on 'The Critics' programme is intended to be no more than the rouser of good light conversation. Deeply considered judgements are not the aim or the point of this programme and to criticise it, as is often done, for superficiality seems to me pointless. All the Critics can ever hope to do, in the few minutes at their disposal, is to talk entertainingly and intelligently and the *soufflé* would sag lamentably if, say, Miss Hansford Johnson or Mr. J. W. Lambert began to talk at the same level of penetration with which they write. Both were in the programme last week and both performed their parts with expert tact.

Criticism had a prominent place in the Third Programme last week. There was Mr. Alvarez talking about 'Art and Isolation' in the United States; Mr. Maurice Cranston analysing and discussing Anthony Crosland's *The Future of Socialism*, and Mr. Ronald Gray offering a new Christian interpretation of 'Waiting for Godot'. One of Mr. Alvarez's themes was the traditional blankness and indifference on the part of his audience which the American writer has always had to face, and the gulf between the intellectual and society which has resulted. *Time's* survey, last summer, of the American intellectual had some startling revelations on this score, showing that fundamentally the atmosphere in which Thoreau raised his fist and cried 'You who are said to live in Concord' has not changed. American intellectuals envy the 'cousinship' which they find among their opposite numbers in England, and the power and position they enjoy in France. Mr. Alvarez has doubts about the new social security which America now offers her intellectuals, and seems to see the new haven of the universities as a kind of equivalent to Walden Pond. He is not hopeful about the literature that will come from this modern Walden. 'At bottom', he says of the American intellectuals, 'it is their own individual clearing of sanity and independent judgement that counts'. If this suggests that the American writer is retreating from his old freedom to pick and choose from the cultures of the world, Mr. Alvarez' doubts about the new isolation will certainly be justified.

Mr. Cranston's talk was a model of clear exegesis and precise criticism. He saw Mr. Crosland's form of socialism as ethical and hedonistic, an anti-puritanical wish to preserve what is best in 'civilised' life, but to spread its benefits through all classes. Mr. Cranston believed in the aims, but was convincing in his argument that Mr. Crosland's methods of bringing about equality are likely to produce exactly the opposite of what he intends. The whole talk left me with the feeling—clearly Mr. Cranston's intention—of the remote, inhuman abstraction of the idea of equality, and the living, human reality of inequality, and that some form of enlightened inequality is rooted in the English way of life.

Mr. Gray's Christian interpretation of 'Godot' was a disappointment, perhaps because I am waiting for people to stop interpreting 'Godot', whether in Christian, Rosicrucian, or bi-metallist terms. The brilliance, almost greatness, of the play lies in just the fact that it can be interpreted in so many ways and on so many levels.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC

### As Others See Us

IT IS ALWAYS INTERESTING to have a foreign musician's view of so English a work as Vaughan Williams' London Symphony. Nicolai Malko, who conducted a performance of it in the Home Service on Wednesday of last week, was obviously *en rapport* with the mystical element in the music. He conjured from the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra most rich and lovely sounds in the mysterious introduction from which looms up the vision of the great city. Where the music becomes more idiomatic, more definite in its depiction of particular details, a foreign 'accent' was apt to affect its inflections. In the march-tune of the finale the conductor discovered an unsuspected affinity to Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. And some points were missed through a lack of feeling for the shape and phrasing of an English folk-tune. Nor had the conductor quite got the hang of the rhythm of those pulsing string-chords in the slow movement, nor the balance of the horn's answer to them which can, and should, move us as the music of 'The Virgin Martyr' affected Samuel Pepys. Yet, if some things did not sound as we have been accustomed to hear them, nor (which is more important) quite right according to the score, this was a fine performance and an interesting experience.

The symphony was followed by the Overture to 'La Forza del Destino'. Even in the opinion of one whose admiration of Verdi comes near to idolatry, the overture, excellent in its theatrical context, has never seemed a good concert-piece. After the grave and noble sounds of Vaughan Williams' epilogue had faded out, it seemed a crude patchwork. In justice to the Music Department, such bad programme-building is rare nowadays, and when it does occur, is attributable to the rigid framework into which a concert must be fitted.

Malko also conducted the concerts in the Third Programme on Friday and Saturday, in which he revived (in every sense) Tchaikovsky's Serenade for strings in C. The programme also included the first performance, under the composer's direction, of Panufnik's 'Rhapsody' commissioned by the Third Programme. This proved the most substantial of the orchestral and foreign (as distinct from the English and 'chamber') works with which the Programme's tenth anniversary has been celebrated. Somewhat eclectic in manner it is, none the less, an individual expression of poetic feeling in a shapely form. I should like to hear it again.



The most 'interesting' concert of the week was that given by the B.B.C. Singers and the Kalmar Orchestra on Thursday evening, when Webern's *Kammersinfonie* was played twice, so that we were able to grasp and hold, at least for a moment, its strangely evocative and elusive sounds. They seemed the aural counterpart of the vibrant and sensitive shapes and colours of, say, Leger's early cubist paintings. No more than the pictures does this music make 'sense' according to accepted notions of what harmony and melody should be. But it ends by fascinating the ear that can listen without prejudice. Beside it Stravinsky's 'Dumbarton Oaks' Concerto sounded positively rumbustious and plain-sailing, while Janacek's 'Nursery Rhymes' often took us into Boris Godunov's nursery. Some settings of Alcaeus' poems by Dallapiccola for soprano (April Cantelo) and chamber

orchestra made the immediate impact of emotion successfully communicated.

It may be that lack of that secret power of communication prevented Meyerbeer, who had almost every other gift (excepting also good taste), from being a great composer. 'Les Huguenots', given in Italian without its fifth act, is his accepted masterpiece, and mechanically it is a wonderful machine, like the history-paintings of his academic contemporaries. But how it creaks, except in one or two scenes—notably the famous soprano-tenor duet, which was unfortunately not one of the best sung parts of this performance! There was a first-rate page (Jolanda Gardino) and another fine coloratura-soprano (Antonietta Pastori) sang as the Queen. Lauri-Volpi, the tenor, has the nearest thing to the old grand style that survives today, and his voice was still in good form. Nicola Zaccaria

sang 'Ein Feste Burg' resonantly, and puffed and puffed magnificently. With Serafin conducting this was about as near to a realisation of Meyerbeer's effects as we are likely to hear.

On the musicological front Denis Stevens, who can always make scholarship 'come alive' and so holds our attention where others are apt to let it relax, started a series on late Plantagenet music, beginning with the reign of Henry V. With the help of the Deller Consort two violas and an organ, deputising for the unprocurable shawms, he introduced us to some rare antiques in which, once the ear was attuned into them, character and beauty became apparent. In the Couperin series Arnold Goldsbrough gave a beautiful performance of the *Cinquième Ordre*. There was also a delightful performance of 'Martha' from Sadler's Wells.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Reizenstein's Recent Music

By JOHN S. WEISSMANN

'Voices of Night' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.50 p.m. on Sunday, January 20

THE first public performance of Reizenstein's *Voices of Night* (composed 1950-51) offers an opportunity to assess the course of his musical development since its completion. To the serious observer it presents an interesting problem: although the remarkably mature qualities of Reizenstein's first ventures in vocal music—the cantata and the radio-opera 'Anna Kraus' written a year later—predicted the emergence of a vocal idiom whose completely convincing personal features made one seek his essential contribution in this domain rather than in his instrumental music, and although the enthusiasm which greeted these two compositions might well have supplied the stimulus for further excursions in this field, nevertheless in none of his recent music does he revert to the use of the voice.

In chronological order, the overture 'Cyrano de Bergerac' was finished concurrently with the cantata; between the latter and the radio-opera the first version of the *Serenade in F* and the 'Jolly Overture' were completed; the former was recast for small orchestra after the appearance of 'Anna Kraus' in 1952. In the same year, too, Reizenstein began the Twelve Preludes and Fugues: parts of the set were finished before he began the Violin Concerto in 1953. (It was completed in 1954.) A *Fantasia Concertante* for violin and piano followed in 1956. For some time now he has been working on a symphony and a new Piano Concerto.

The common factor in the two Overtures and the *Serenade* is the particular regard to melodic values: long-limbed, singable and shapely lines with clearly constituted and tonally orientated harmonic implications, and remarkably precise emotional suggestions. The solo arias of 'Voices of Night' provide the prototype of this particular melodic style: hence the witty and exhilarating themes of the 'Jolly Overture', the heroic-romantic feeling and the infectious gusto of 'Cyrano'. The same directness is felt in the different emotional horizon of the slow movement, 'Gemini', of the *Serenade*. This last instance conduces to a relatively recent—or at least so far not particularly conspicuous—attribute of Reizenstein's music: his musical symbolism. The associations invoked by the concept 'Gemini' are expressed in a remarkably simple but effectively direct way. In some of his subsequent work the study of his symbolism becomes really fascinating: there are certain personal idiosyncrasies whose occurrence contribute greatly to the personal flavour of the music. There is the conspicuous arpeggio figure

which, in spite of its fairly standardised shape, is well adaptable to Reizenstein's favourite modulatory shifts of tonal centres: an early variant is found in the first scene of 'Anna Kraus'; the Preludes and Fugues show its most characteristic versions, notably in the A flat Fugue where it appears in association with another characteristic melodic turn. At its most explicit, the figure and its associate are displayed in the *Fantasia Concertante*.

This reference to symbolism will help us to understand the nature of Reizenstein's musical mentality. One work, however perfectly formulated, would not exhaust all the inherent possibilities of a musical idea: it is further elaborated in the recesses of his mind and various solutions appear from time to time which are all equally valid in their special context.

The position of the Violin Concerto is not without interest: it may be regarded as a creative diversion from the fundamental and apparently consistent direction of his musical preoccupations, but alternatively it may also be regarded as the latest addition to the series of concertos which he has produced at various stages in his career. The former hypothesis is supported by the entirely different stylistic conditions and character which distinguish it from the preceding and succeeding compositions. The emphasis on the melodic qualities in the thematic material, which was so conspicuous in the two vocal works, is considerably attenuated in favour of a prevalently motivic-figurative invention that characterised his 'pre-vocal' period.

In his contributions to the concerto genre, Reizenstein has consistently endeavoured to amalgamate two traditions: the modern spectacular solo concerto and its display of instrumental ingenuity, and the earlier, 'participative' ensemble concerto and its concentration on the dispute of essentially musical ideas. In this recent concerto the solo-violin part is conceived, not unexpectedly, in terms of the 'spectacular' concerto: it is rich in figurative passage-work, ideas embodying technical virtuosity, and is animated by a sense of demonstrative brilliance. In the slow central movement, however, the violin part reverts to a vocally inspired conception in which a feeling of noble and eloquent lyricism is conveyed by phrases whose ornamentation alone would betray a more melodic orientation.

The earlier tradition is reflected in the orchestral texture, but above all in the symphonic

quality of the music as a whole. One cannot help feeling the conflict of these two conceptions at certain passages, notably in the finale; in resolving it the balance inclines always in favour of the symphonic alternative. It is not that they are mutually exclusive: but the nature of Reizenstein's musical *Weltanschauung* is too deeply attached to certain traditional standards. Yet these traditions, based as they are on instrumental practice, are not inimical to influences of heterogeneous idiomatic origin: this has been strikingly shown in 'Voices of Night', whose seemingly sudden and eruptive stylistic reorientation disclosed the amazingly perfect assimilation of vocally inspired melodic elements into an instrumental idiom of sufficiently personal stamp.

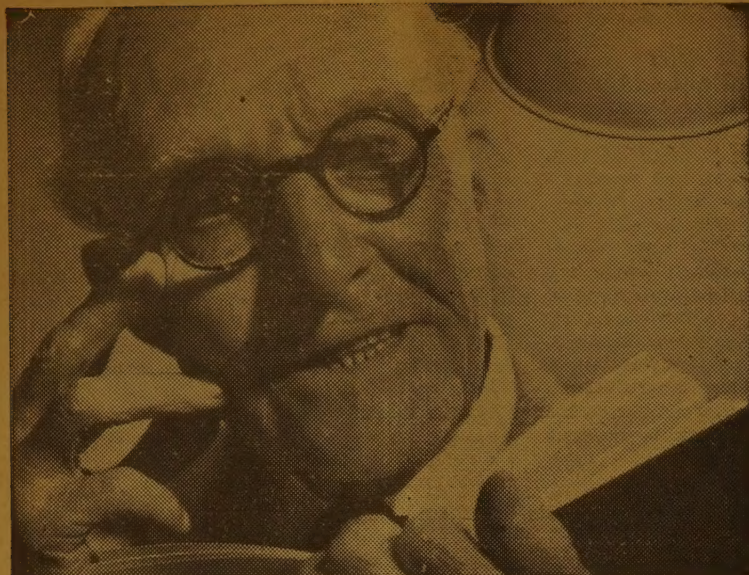
The process is carried further in the Twelve Preludes and Fugues for piano. The idiom of these pieces remains entirely instrumental, but pronouncedly melodic attributes are discerned in the character of the thematic material. The constituent intervals are less angular; climaxes are more effectively distributed as though designed for the human voice; and the tonal shifts, always a conspicuous distinguishing feature of Reizenstein's music, are less abruptly introduced—or at least contrived so that they seem to be less unexpected.

Reizenstein's polyphonic writing is distinguished by superb technical finish. His contrapuntal skill is unparalleled among his contemporaries: commonplaces are revitalised to spontaneous freshness and surprising eloquence in his hands, as the inverted entries and the final multiple strettos of the B flat Fugue show, for instance.

His deep attachment to the musical traditions of a more securely constituted epoch is shown by his unshaken faith in functional tonality. The basic scheme of the successive preludes and fugues is identical with that of Hindemith's 'Ludus Tonalis'. Comparison of these two works will effectively show those superlatively admirable qualities which distinguish Reizenstein's music for the piano: the incredible variety of its genuine and satisfying pianistic writing, and, despite the highly sophisticated polyphonic treatment, its exemplary lucidity of texture—a peculiarity by no means frequent in recent music.

The total impression of the intensely serious and sombre *Fantasia Concertante* is that of a transitional work, a 'pre-echo' induced by the powerful reverberations of a major 'work in progress'.





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For the Housewife

# The Facts Behind the Labels

By ROGER DIPLOCK

I WANT to try to explain the facts behind some of the labels which describe various types of textile finishes and treatments. First, 'shrink resistant'. Almost all textiles shrink to a greater or lesser extent, and few fabrics are found which will not alter shape a little one way or another in use, even after treatment.

Cotton is usually treated by what is called compressive shrinkage. It is shrunk by being drawn over a series of hot, steamy rollers. But even a pre-shrunk cotton cloth can shrink up to two per cent. after treatment. On the other hand the Retail Trading Standards Association have had complaints of untreated materials which have shrunk twelve to fifteen per cent. after a few washes. Rayon is unstable when it is wet, so chemical treatment has been evolved to stabilise these fabrics; this treatment also has a crease-shedding effect. Wool is also chemically treated in most cases, in an effort to prevent felting in the wash-tub. When you are buying, do look on the label not only for the words 'shrink resistant' but also for a named process.

(2). 'Crease resistant': now often, and much more correctly, described as 'crease shedding' or 'crease releasing'. The great majority of clothing materials crease when you sit on them. Some, like wool, have a natural tendency to shed these creases when the garment is hung up. Others, such as rayon and cotton, have to be chemically treated to minimise creasing and to bring about the ability to shed creases when hung up. But please do realise that a crease-shedding or crease-resistant claim does not mean that you will not get creases during the course of

day-to-day wear. It simply means that the creases will fall out more easily. Once again, look for a label naming a branded process.

(3). 'Minimum-iron or no-iron': This label is applied in particular to cotton dresses and cotton shirts, although it is shortly to be extended to cover rayons. The whole character of the material is changed by a highly technical and strongly controlled process which makes cotton shirts and cotton dresses so crease releasing that they require very occasional ironing. My own view is that the description 'no-iron' is a misnomer, and I personally have never worn a shirt of this nature which did not require a touch of the iron after a number of washes. The important point to remember is that this minimum-iron treatment has a slightly disintegrating effect unless it is applied in perfect conditions to really suitable materials.

(4). 'Flame checking': All sorts of troublesome conditions have hindered experiments to produce reasonably inflammable garments—especially children's party dresses, nets and gauzes. Now, however, there are a number of treatments which check that horrible flare-up which can come with a touch of a flame. Please do not forget that these treatments cannot at the moment claim to stifle flames. The really important thing at the moment is to have found something that checks the flare-up, and this has been done. Look out for labels which advertise this treatment.

(5). 'Permanent pleating': Extremely careful treatment under highly specialised technical conditions will produce virtually permanent

pleats on nylon and other materials containing at least fifty per cent. of a synthetic fibre. This label was grossly misrepresented until about a year ago, but the trade is being much more careful now and is turning properly to the alternative and more accurate description of 'durably pleated'. Our advice has been that this label should not be attached except to pleated garments which can be carefully washed by hand at least half a dozen times without seriously affecting the pleats. In this range we now have all sorts of blended materials containing small proportions of nylon and also crease-shedding cottons.

—'Woman's Hour'

## Notes on Contributors

- VICTOR ZORZA (page 87): *The Manchester Guardian* correspondent on Soviet and East European affairs
- BASIL DAVIDSON (page 90): on the editorial staff of the *Daily Herald*; author of *The African Awakening*, *Daybreak in China*, *Report on Southern Africa*, etc.
- LORD STRANG, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. (page 92): Permanent Under-Secretary of State, Foreign Office, 1949-1953; author of *Home and Abroad*
- KATHLEEN STAHL (page 98): author of *British and Soviet Colonial Systems* and *Metropolitan Organisation of British Colonial Trade: Four Regional Studies*

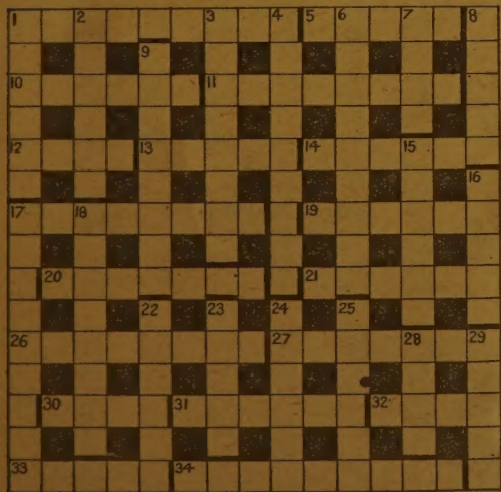
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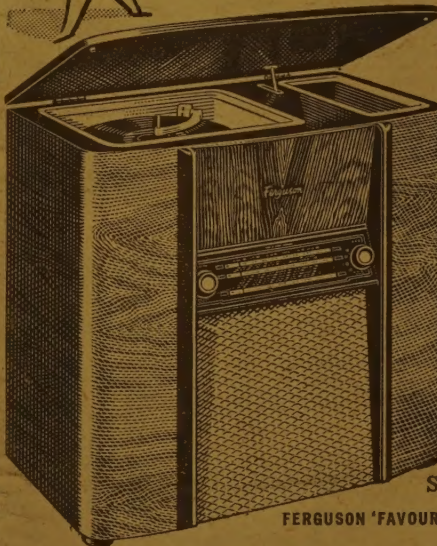
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